

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

JUNE 17



Above — A Japanese mother, with her baby at her back, weaving the thread into silk cloth on a wooden hand loom of a primitive type.



Above — Putting trays full of cocoons into the frames. Most of the cocoons are used for silk; others are kept to produce moths for egg-laying.

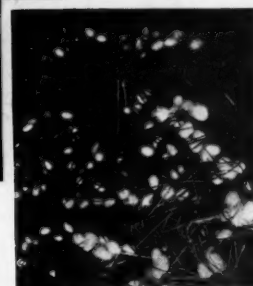
Below — Moths of the silkworm, their tiny round eggs, and three worms which spin the cocoons from which the silk is obtained.



Keynote

Above — A Japanese girl reeling the silk thread from the cocoons. The pan in front of her is full of cocoons, which float in warm water while the silk is reeled off.

Below — A group of cocoons, which the worms spin among the bundles of straw provided for them by the cultivator.



Corner Photographs from Brown Brothers

SILK—FROM MOTH TO CLOTH

In this Issue •• Stories by Denison Clift, C. A. Stephens, Samuel Merwin and Joseph Alger •• Another article on Golf by Glenna Collett

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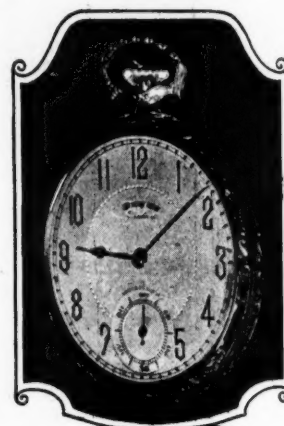
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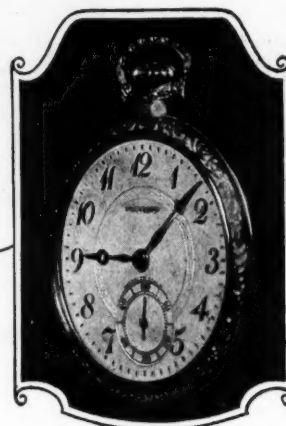


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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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Illustrated
by
C. LEROY
BALDRIDGE



Rodney leaped from the gunwale into the junk. Like a flash Lai Woh plunged upward at him, a long knife gleaming in his hand

Black Pearls of Cayucos

By DENISON CLIFT

FOUR cowboys left the Sea Cliff Trail abruptly and galloped inland to their ranch after several hours of jogging down the coast. At dusk their ribald singing stopped. No human souls were visible now, either on the landward horizon or on that infinite rim of the unknown world at sea. Only the restless beat of the surf rose through the sullen July night.

As the crow flies, Cayucos is sixty-odd miles from the potash beds at Pismo down along the California coast. But a youth on horseback, traveling the distance alone, must take chances with the dangerous character of the sea cliffs.

Five hours before he fell in with the cowboys, Rodney Stone, mounted on a wiry little pinto mare, swung into the Sea Cliff Trail and faced the uncertainties of the perilous trip with a brave heart. Rodney, who was just eighteen, had always hoped he had inherited the courage of his father, who a year before had given up his life in the potash deposits to save a fellow workman from being burned to death. But Rodney was young and untried. Deep down in his heart, he sometimes wondered whether in a crisis he might not prove to be a coward after all. At that time Rodney had hoped to enter the State University to study mining engineering. But his father's death suddenly killed his plans. After that it was work, work from daybreak until sunset in the deposits, with no future ahead and an unsatisfying wage of two dollars a day.

Then one day the Jennie Dollar brought word to Pismo that Captain Halley, who owned the abalone pearl beds at Cayucos, needed divers to explore the ocean's floor for the "ear shells." The Jennie Dollar's pilot told Rodney that the captain would pay a hundred dollars a month and one-quarter of the profit in pearls. Rodney promptly threw up his job and the next morning undertook the lonely journey down the coast.

After an adventurous afternoon in com-

pany with the cowboys, and a cautious ride by night under the stars, Rodney arrived at Captain Halley's house early the following morning. Rodney found the captain cooking breakfast. He was a picturesque old fisherman, once of Gloucester, with a grizzly beard.

"Captain Halley," said Rodney, "I got your call for divers at Pismo, and I'm here ready for work."

"Come in, young fellow!" said the old fisherman, looking Rodney over keenly. "You're a professional diver?"

"No, sir; I have never dived in my life, but I can learn."

"Well," he replied, "if you're willing to take a chance with sharks and devil fish, I'll give you a try."

Inwardly Rodney was terrified by the captain's mention of danger. But he put up a bold front.

"Thank you, sir." Sharks! Devil fish! Rodney hoped the captain would not notice his voice quivering.

"Your wages will be one hundred dollars a month. You get one-quarter interest in all the pearls you bring up. And, my boy, listen to me. The principal reason why I want more divers is because I don't trust my Chinese divers. I've long suspected them of stealing my pearls. I'll trust you to keep a sharp eye on them and report to me anything suspicious!"

The Chinese divers were the bane of Captain Halley's life. Twelve years before, tucked away in this little cove among the tawny, wind-hollowed sand dunes, he had come upon the band of Chinese engaged in hunting the red abalones that yield the best meat and the most brilliant mother-of-pearl sea-shells.

In those days—the summer of 1899—our government had not yet awakened to the value of the abalone. Colonies of Chi-

nese were year after year quietly devastating the Mexican waters and the lonely recesses of Magdalena Bay and were moving systematically up the coast. The red flesh was canned and shipped to China, and the choicest shells were sold to tourists in the curio shops at Avalon.

CAPTAIN HALLEY with Yankee shrewdness saw the opportunity. Within a month he had bought out the interests of the Chinese colony and leased from a Spanish ranch fourteen thousand acres along the edge of the ocean.

The divers demanded an interest in all pearls they might find, and Captain Halley agreed that the coolies should have one-quarter interest in all pearls brought up from the beds.

By the end of August his infant industry had developed into a lusty traffic. But Captain Halley was startled to discover that the number of pearls brought up was fast diminishing! He at once suspected the coolies of secreting the pearls for their private profit. So one day he hired Tony Lambretti, a Sicilian fisherman from Avalon, personally to receive the abalones and pearls from the divers.

A month later the captain discovered that since he had stationed Tony in the barge to watch the divers the crop of pearls had diminished just one-half again!

The next morning he entered Tony's bunkhouse and searched every inch of the low-ceilinged room. In the back of a framed portrait of one of Tony's swarthy ancestors he came across an orderly row of pearls—thirteen radiant black gems—hidden from view beneath the thin board back. He sent for Tony and in an outburst of rage discharged him.

However just his treatment of Tony, it cost him thousands of dollars. For day after

day Tony, at the Southern Pacific oil station not two miles away, was secretly nursing his wrath.

One day, when the petroleum barge left for the Southern Pacific's shops, Tony slipped aboard. And as the big, lazy, black flat-boat panted up the drowsy coast past the Cayucos beds, Tony crept astern and opened the cock of the tank. A wide black trail settled over the steel-blue channel—settled and spread out and shimmered under the rising sun like a dazzling stream of black pearls.

When the news came, it struck horror to Captain Halley. Now the abalones would die—tons would die! At last he conceived a plan to save his fortune. By increasing his force ten-fold he could gather the crops by spring, before the seaweed could entirely die away and starve out the million abalones dependent upon it. So the captain sent out a call for more divers, and Rodney had answered the call.

An hour after Rodney had been engaged, he joined the Chinese going out to the beds in the junk. From the beginning he could feel that they were suspicious of him.

HALF a league out, Wong, the leader, anchored the junk. Lai Woh, lithe, stolid and catlike, assisted Wong in adjusting his diving-suit and making safe the signal lines. The next thing Rodney knew, the captain was lifting a big leaden collar round his neck. A tremor of fear stole over him, a feeling that he might lose his nerve. The coolies fastened weighted, ten-pound shoes on his feet; next they strapped to his back a copper cylinder charged with compressed oxygen. When at last the great helmet was screwed into position, Rodney stepped over the gunwale and awkwardly went down the shaky Jacob's ladder.

He felt himself dropping down—down—down into mysterious depths.

Lai Woh beckoned, and Rodney followed into the ocean forest of kelp, which the scorching sun, striking from the meridian,

transformed into an undulating amber glade. What gardens of the sea! Here in the gold-green heart of the ocean, on the brink of the mighty Caycos Channel, Rodney saw around him the mysterious secrets of the deep. Already the coolies were dexterously tearing the shells from the rocks and filling their net bags.

Rodney watched closely and slowly learned the trick. When six o'clock came Lai Woh showed him an abalone with a small, lustrous black pearl. That night Captain Halley placed a price of eighty dollars on the pearl and credited the coolie with twenty. From that moment Rodney burned to discover black pearls. But up to December Rodney was credited with only thirty dollars for two small pearls. Two pearls in ninety days was a bitter disappointment, when a single stone might in a day reward him with an entire year at the university!

But Rodney never gave up hope, and at last there came a day fraught with thrilling adventure.

One gray December morning as he was slowly making his way through the kelp forest, the heavy fibres parted before him suddenly like a curtain. There stood Wong, holding in his hand an abalone. To Rodney's amazement the diver picked from its folds a huge black pearl, shaped like a swallow's egg. From the perfection of its shape Rodney knew it would mean fortune, perhaps a thousand dollars!

Rodney's impulse was to hurry forward and examine it with Wong. But before the boy made a move the coolie turned and rounded a sharp crag where the twisted steel and rotting timbers of a wreck nestled on the rocks. Here Wong secreted the pearl in a pocket between the timbers. Rodney stood transfixed with astonishment. The coolie moved away through the kelp forest. Here had been unfolded to Rodney the secret of Captain Halley's missing pearls!

DUMFOUNDED, Rodney rushed forward and reached into the pocket. There, through the green water, he beheld a small pile of stolen pearls! Seventeen he counted, all radiant black gems! It was clear that Wong was afraid to rise with the stones. He was waiting for some future opportunity to steal them. But when?

When the noon hour came, Rodney rose to the junk unconcernedly and put out for shore. The captain had left a note for him. It read:

"Dear Stone: Made up my mind suddenly to go to Monterey for more white divers. Too many pearls stolen. Will be back early in the morning to clean out the chinks. Watch the place for me. Captain."

Inwardly trembling, Rodney ate his lunch alone and apart from the Chinese. As the time came to return to work, Wong and Lai Woh chattered, with heads close together, and pointed toward the shell house. Instead of getting aboard the junk, the coolies lazily went about packing their meagre belongings, as if preparing to depart. This startled Rodney more. He asked Lai Woh why he did not go to work.

"No work today," laughed Lai Woh

for answer. "Today holiday! Where cap go?"

"Oh, he'll be back any minute now," replied Rodney. His thought was to frighten the Chinese from any evil plans they might have. Instead, Lai Woh laughed and returned to the chattering group.

That some strange plot was afoot, Rodney now realized. Were the Chinese going to desert the captain? Would they attempt to take with them the valuable pearls still hidden in the ocean's depth?

During the afternoon he made frequent trips with the gasoline launch, bringing loads of abalones from the barge to land, the morning's haul.

When the night came a full, golden moon swung high in the heavens above the lava cliffs. The coolies built a roaring camp fire and sat about eating rice and abalone chowder. Rodney watched Lai Woh and Wong carefully—observed an evil, malignant look on Lai Woh's face. Long knife-scars crossed his cheeks. He was a wiry and muscular fellow, a bad antagonist in any struggle.

Close to midnight, Rodney lay on his bed fully dressed, tossing uneasily. He was in a torment of conflicting suspicions and fears. The Chinese had quietly gone to their huts. Were they waiting for Captain Halley's return in the morning?

SUDDENLY Rodney heard a noise, as of a door opening and shutting. With beating heart he tiptoed to his door and peered out into the moonlight. A dozen rods ahead he saw two ghostly figures flitting toward the beach in the shadow of the rambling shacks.

Instantly alert, emboldened by the darkness, Rodney crept into the open and followed stealthily across the dunes. Ahead in the shadows the men had vanished. Rodney paused and listened. The beautiful winter night was cold and silent.

Rodney made his way slowly through the choya cactus; then, running low, he sped toward the beating surf. A hundred yards from the beach he stopped abruptly. Across the moonlit water he saw the junk—moving out to sea! What did it mean? Was Wong going to dive for the pearls in the moonlight? Suddenly the long-played crafty game of the Chinese flashed over him. They had waited for this opportunity to steal the black pearls and desert!

In the sharp night wind the junk became a speck across the water. Rodney waited, thinking hard. The ocean lay like a mirror of liquid sapphire. Glowing clear with moonlight, the night was wonderfully silent, save for the zing of a flying fish or the far bellow of the sea lions on Charming Rocks.

After a tremulous half-hour of waiting, he concluded that Wong had had time to make the descent. The gasoline launch lay close by on the sands. This with great difficulty Rodney pushed off the beach until it floated clear. So, starting the engine, he headed the launch for the junk, unarmed.

Every *chug-chug* of the exhaust made him cringe, for he knew that now the divers would be ready to meet him. In fifteen minutes he reached the junk, a shadow on the greenish, rolling water.

Peering ahead, he made out the figure of one man, Lai Woh, crouching in the stern. Furious rage at the treachery of the coolies made him forget his fear. But he spoke quietly:

"Hello, Lai Woh! Can I help you? What's the matter?"

Taken off his guard, the coolie answered:



Rodney rushed forward and reached into the pocket. Through the green water, he beheld a small pile of stolen pearls!

"Les, you take lis diving suit to land; I fix him!"

"All right!" shouted Rodney.

He brought the launch alongside and tied it. Then he leaped from the gunwale into the junk. Like a flash, Lai Woh plunged upward at him, a long knife gleaming in his hand. Rodney had expected some such treachery. With every muscle set, he darted back, and the diver, missing, shot past him into the stern sheets. But like a flash he was on his feet again, crouching like a tiger ready to spring. Rodney was ready for him. He had caught up a leaden helmet, with which he struck the murderous coolie a blow that knocked him senseless into the bottom of the boat.

Running to the bow softly, he saw that the cables of one of the diving-suits led over into the water. Instantly he understood. At this moment Wong was recovering the pearls below!

Rodney held the signal line for twenty minutes until he felt the tugs to pull up. Then, seizing the windlass, he began raising Wong from the ocean's floor.

At last the grotesque helmet appeared like the head of a devil fish above the sur-

face. Instantly Rodney set the windlass. Then, reaching over the gunwale, he began searching the helpless Chinaman. Wong, gazing with wonder through the heavy windows of his helmet, saw the youth and began striking out wildly with his arms, but all to no avail, for in a moment Rodney felt the pearls tied in a handkerchief round the coolie's wrist; he jerked it loose and stuffed the precious contents into his shirt pocket.

Leaving Wong thus suspended over the side of the junk, Rodney leaped across into the launch and started the engine. At this moment he heard the muffled stroke of oars and caught sight of a dory with six black figures approaching him. At the same time, the men in the dory saw him and opened fire. One bullet splashed the water two feet from the gunwale of the launch. The desperate coolies were after him! But the little launch quickly increased the distance, and at last Rodney felt it grate against the sand. His pursuers were far behind. He jumped overboard and waded ashore.

It was now almost dawn, and the moon was low across the water in the west. Gray streaks were flinging themselves high into the heavens, the advance guard of the sunrise.

The dawn was frosty, and the cold gnawed Rodney to the bone. His clinging damp garments covered him with goose-flesh all over.

Rodney stumbled along through the cactus beds and sand dunes into the rocky base of the cliffs. Beyond, he knew the Sea Cliff Trail passed. Along this trail Captain Halley would return if his plans worked out as he had written to Rodney.

At last, emerging from the rocky pitfalls, he came into a wide expanse of flat marsh land. There, across the flat, wound the Sea Cliff Trail. Beyond the east vermilion illumined the morning sky. Just as Rodney felt his legs giving way beneath him, he saw, far off, the dust of mounted men. Sinking down by the roadside he waited, and soon he made out five men. The leader was Captain Halley! When the men rode up, they beheld Rodney, drenched and covered with sand and dust, waving to them. The captain rushed forward and caught him in his arms.

"Rodney! Boy!" he cried. "What's happened?"

Mounted on the captain's horse, with the old fisherman walking at his side, Rodney told all that had happened and exposed to the old man's bewildered gaze the handkerchief of rare black pearls.

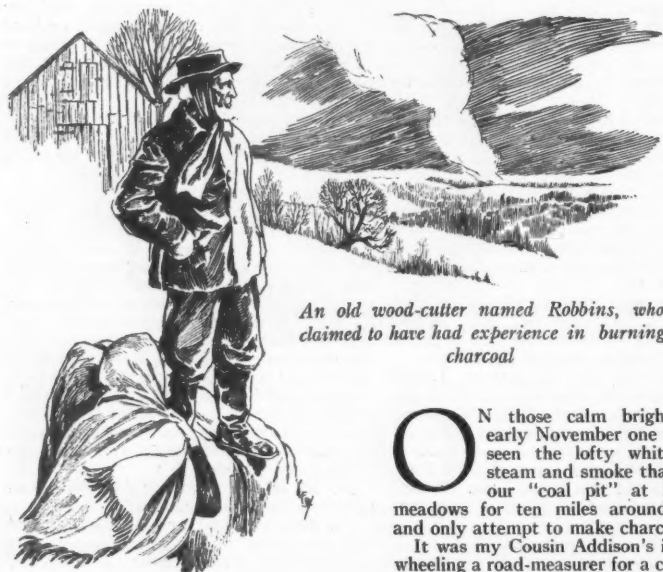
By the time the cavalcade reached the shell house there was not a coolie in sight. Bag and baggage, they had completely vanished, Lai Woh and Wong with them.

Rodney was glad that an encounter with the murderous colony had been avoided; now it was all over, he felt "scared to death."

"Well, you've got grit!" exclaimed the captain when the men returned to his house. He selected a great radiant black pearl from the handkerchief and dropped it in Rodney's hand. "You've earned it, boy," he whispered. "She's a beauty, too. Two thousand, I call her!"

"I don't see how I had the nerve to see it through," said Rodney.

The captain only laughed and slapped Rodney affectionately on the back.



An old wood-cutter named Robbins, who claimed to have had experience in burning charcoal

ON those calm bright days of early November one might have seen the lofty white pillar of steam and smoke that rose from our "coal pit" at Bog Brook meadows for ten miles around—our first and only attempt to make charcoal.

It was my Cousin Addison's idea. While wheeling a road-measurer for a county map,

The Charcoal Pit

By C. A. STEPHENS

in August that year, he had visited a powder mill in the town of Buckfield, twenty miles to the east of the Old Squire's place, and had been told that twenty-five cents a bushel would be paid for black-alder charcoal to be used as an ingredient of the gun powder they were then manufacturing there in considerable quantities.

The mill afterwards blew up with sad fatalities, but at that time, shortly after the Civil War, the establishment was in full blast, filling contracts for new railway construction. Dynamite had not yet been invented. Black powder was still used not only in war but for all blasting operations; and Addison was assured that the best charcoal for powder was made from black alder.

This put an altogether new value on the hitherto despised wood, since any lumberman would have told you that black alder

was quite worthless, a mere weed of the forest. Addison—always on the lookout to make a little ready school money—came home full of a project for burning two thousand bushels of black alder charcoal. There was no dearth of black alder. About half the township to the north of us was covered with it. All along the Bog Brook lowlands where ten winters previously cedar hop-poles and ash hoops had been cut, alder was now growing rankly, and white mould had already begun to appear on it.

The Old Squire was away from home much of the time that season, up at Three Rivers, in Quebec, being interested in a lumbering venture there. We lacked the benefit of his advice; but Addison's scheme looked so attractive that we hurried through the autumn farm work, then started to cut alder and build that coal pit.

Our first plan had been for a pit to contain not over twenty-five cords of alder; but we were told that the best charcoal comes from large, very hot pits, and as days went on the project was enlarged to embrace a pit of seventy-five cords of alder along with fifteen cords of larger wood in logs for staying it.

But the amount of work demanded by this ambitious expansion of the project increased in proportion. Halstead complained bitterly of his share; and after the first week we took in the two Murch boys, neighbors of ours, as partners in the venture. Finally, too, as the work went on, we hired two French Canadians.

The alder at Bog Brook grew in small saplings fifteen to twenty feet tall and from two to four inches in diameter. Fully four hundred of these were required for a standard cord of wood. To cut and pack a pile eight feet long, four wide and four in height required nimble labor on a short November day. By the eleventh of the month, however, we had this part of the job completed. The meadow along the brook was studded with cord piles; and during the next two or three days we were occupied with a team drawing the piles together to the central point, selected for the "bed," or "hearth," of the pit. As to this and other matters, Addison had conferred, on a number of evenings, with an old wood-cutter named Robbins, living not far away, who claimed to have experience in burning charcoal.

Charcoal of course is best burned in circular, dome-shaped kilns built of brick. But we were obliged to employ the old-fashioned method of making a pit, covered over with earth and sod. These pits are always somewhat dangerous contrivances, even for persons of experience; and if the Old Squire had been at home he would very likely have dissuaded us from attempting one. But Addison thought he had the principles of the thing well in hand, and we proceeded in the following manner. First we cleared and smoothed a circular bed precisely sixty feet in diameter, leveling the ground and stamping the earth down solidly. Exactly in the center of this bed, or hearth, a post twenty-five feet in height was set up. The chimney of the pit was built around this post by laying up cleft-wood sticks, four feet long, cob-house fashion, since a coal pit, like a house, must needs have its chimney. Dry wood kindlings, birch bark and other combustibles were tossed loosely in about the center post.

Next came the longer task of "ricking," or packing the pit with all that green alder. We began this by standing the round alder sticks, each four feet long, in compact rows at a slight inward inclination, around the chimney, continuing the process till the outer circumference of the hearth was reached.

This done, we built the chimney a little higher, threw in more dry stuff, then stood another row of the alder sticks on top of the first, in much the same way except that we set this row at a slightly greater angle toward the chimney, drawing the pit in, too, at the circumference and using not more than half the amount of alder as for the first, or lower row.

Afterwards a third row of fagots was superadded, set at a slant approaching a right angle, thus drawing the rick in to the chimney and shaping the pit like a flattened cone twelve feet in height, a hundred and eighty feet in circumference and containing the entire seventy-five cords of alder.

Covering it in, so as to prevent too rapid combustion and ensure charring the fagots rather than burning them, was our next effort. For this purpose not less than a ton of swamp grass from the open meadows, bordering Bog Brook Pond, was cut and drawn to the pit; and with this, after moistening it, we thatched and matted the cone to a depth of about a foot.

Two days more of steady work were required to coat the thatch with turf and with earth shoveled from about the pit. Fourteen or fifteen inches of loose soil were thrown on and trodden down, sufficient depth we thought to conserve the heat and confine the gases and smoke.

There now remained only to provide draught holes for air, extending inward to the chimney; and this was accomplished by forcefully thrusting in a long, peaked pole, at intervals of ten feet, around the entire circumference.

There must be air, but, as there is always danger that too much may enter and the whole pit break loose and blaze up in a volcano of ungovernable flame, a little

pile of wet hay was laid close to each draught hole to plug it in case the pit showed signs of getting too hot.

Still another larger pile of wet grass was stacked hard by for instant use, if as the burning went on the roof of the pit disclosed "sink holes," or soft spots where the fire might burst forth. To gain rapid access to the roof in case of an outbreak, a short ladder was kept standing against the inclined side, and four buckets full of water were set at the foot of it.

THERE followed a day and a half of rain, mingled with snow, and we did not "fire" the pit until the morning of the fifteenth of November.

First a fire of hard, dry wood was kindled



Illustrated by
Heman Fay

Instantly Addison and Willis pulled with might and main at the rope. Halstead and I laid hold with them. We snaked Ben back along the roof and head first down the side to the ground

at a point near by and kept burning till there was a fine bed of coals. As many as ten shovelfuls of live coals were then passed up to Addison who had mounted the ladder, and these he dropped down the chimney hole amidst the dry stuff with which he had packed the lower part of it. The upper portion was then stuffed full of green alder wood and quickly covered over with wet hay, earth and turf—to smother the fire.

And now the deed was done. The pit was fired. There remained only to watch it, control the draughts and ensure charring of the vast heap of alder.

For an hour or two the pit gave no sign of activity, though a little smoke seeped out at the top of the chimney. We feared we had banked it too tight; but Robbins, who had made it in his way to call on us that morning, said, "Let her mull. She'll start when she gets hot." Robbins always referred to the pit as "she."

It "mulled" for the rest of that day; but Robbins advised us to watch it constantly. "Keep an eye to her smoke," he admonished. "Be on the lookout for sink holes in the roof. You'll have to get up there and jounce on her. If you find soft spots, stop the air holes on that side and pile on more turf. Keep her smothered."

But no sink holes or danger signs showed either on that day or the following night, nor yet the next forenoon. The pit scarcely smoked. At times we were afraid it was "dead" and would have to be uncovered and rebuilt. During the night, however,

the wind rose, and at daybreak the pit was smoking so vigorously that we stopped many of the draught holes.

While cutting the alder we had, as I forgot to mention, built a little shed camp not far from the site of the pit. Here we made a bunk of fir boughs and fetched up from home a number of buffalo skin robes (buffalo hides were plenty in those days) with several new horse blankets. Including the two Murch boys, Willis and Ben, there were now five of us; and three planned to stay at the pit constantly, night and day, in case of sudden emergencies. But when all was going well only a single watcher needed to remain awake.

A few inches of snow came on the fourth day, and the pit sulked for twenty-four hours afterwards; but high wind succeeded the snowfall and again the chimney smoked a mazingly. Evidently the mass was now well afire. Heat irradiated profusely. During the two calm days that followed a vast column of vapor rose to a height of at least three hundred feet above the pit. This was mostly steam from the sap of the green alder. Black rills of hot tar also poured out on the ground.

Robbins called on us again and inspected the pit with a sapient eye. At length he offered to remain and give us aid, for the sum of three dollars per day and his dinner—high wages at that time. Addison finally offered him two dollars, which the old man grumpily refused. The Murch boys were opposed to giving him more. None of us, indeed, wished to reduce the prospective profits by paying money to Robbins. We believed that we knew nearly or quite as much as he did. Robbins left us in a huff. "You'll be sorry!" he warned us as he stumped away.

THE next day the pit grew steadily hotter. The snow melted for forty feet round it; the ground dried; and we found our camp almost too warm to sleep in. The vapor escaping about the chimney diminished in volume but assumed a bluish tint.

Other visitors appeared that forenoon. Just before eleven o'clock we perceived three girls approaching who proved to be our cousins, Theodora and Ellen, from the Old Squire's, and Catherine Edwards, a young neighbor living near by. Theodora carried a coil of small rope over one shoulder and seemed agitated.

When she was near, Theodora cried, "Boys there is something I want you to promise me to do!" She appeared strangely in earnest.

"Dora has had a presentiment," Catherine explained.

"Grandmother Ruth believes it may have been a warning," Ellen interposed. "She said we would better come right up here and tell you and she sent her new clothesline."

"But what is all this about?" Addison demanded. "What is it you want us to promise?" Halstead was laughing, Willis and Ben stood looking on curiously.

"I want you to promise not to go up that ladder without this clothesline tied about you," Catherine said.

Down home and among the neighbors there had been of course a great deal of talk about coal pits, and instances were recalled where those tending them had lost their lives. Always of a sympathetic and affectionate nature, Theodora had doubtless been much disturbed for our safety. During the previous night she was suddenly roused by seeming to see either Addison or Halstead (she was not quite sure which) engulfed in a sink hole, with a great outburst of fire rising all about him. She declared that she had not been asleep. Springing up, she had

run sobbing to Grandmother Ruth's room to give an alarm, crying out, "Get a rope! Get a rope and pull him out!"

There are recorded instances of presentiments where "coming events cast their shadows before." Possibly this was something of the sort.

But it seemed something more than a dream to Theodora. "I saw it as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life," she asserted; and she had walked three miles that morning to warn us and to bring Grandmother Ruth's clothesline.

We deemed it a rather ridiculous and needless precaution, but finally we promised not to climb on the roof without the rope tied around us, to please her.

IT is astonishing how sensitive coal pits are to wind. Even when covered two feet deep with earth, a pit will immediately feel a puff of air. Blacker smoke will be seen to rise, low muttering sounds be heard, and soon an access of heat will be noticed. It then behooves to stop the draught holes, particularly those on the windward side; and if the wind rises to a gale, every vent would best be closed and battened tight.

During the latter part of the eighth night after the pit had been fired snow squalls occurred, such as often mark the onset of severe winter weather in Maine. Just before daybreak one of these was unusually violent, with a wild flurry of snow flakes. Addison, Ben Murch and I were watching the pit that night, Halstead and Willis Murch having gone down home at sunset the previous evening. They heard the wind rising, however, and came hastening back in the midst of that last snow squall.

"Smells mighty queer," Willis remarked. "Smells as if the hay was burning."

It was dark, dark and boisterous. Addison walked round the pit, but could perceive no glow of fire anywhere. The squall passed by, but still we heard queer sounds from the pit—*phut, phut*, as of tiny explosions. "I'll test it for soft spots again," Ben said and started to climb the ladder to the roof.

"Better put on that rope, Ben," Addison advised as an afterthought. "We promised we would, you know," he added.

Ben did not wish to stop, but Halstead fetched the line and we looped it about Ben's body under his arms. He then climbed up and walked slowly around the roof, "jouncing" gently, step by step. It appeared firm till he came to the far side from the ladder, when a place as large as a cartwheel collapsed suddenly, with a dull crunching noise, followed by a dazzling red flash in the darkness.

Never shall I forget the awful shriek Ben gave. Flame, smoke and blazing cinders rose all about him. He looked to be waist deep in a raging furnace.

Instantly Addison and Willis pulled with might and main at the rope. Halstead and I laid hold with them. We snaked Ben back along the roof and head first down the side to the ground. His clothes were afire. He fell breathless. For an instant we thought he was dead. With a cry of distress Willis snatched up one of the buckets of water and drenched him—at which Ben caught his breath and attempted to get up, muttering, "That's good, that's good!"—meaning the water. But he staggered and would have fallen again if we had not supported him. Only his thick boots and woolen clothing had saved him from being burned to death.

In our very proper anxiety for Ben, valuable moments had been lost for checking the fire from the pit. Before we had Ben on his feet, fire was streaming thirty feet high from that hole in the roof. It roared like a geyser. Sparks and flaming alders were whirled a hundred feet aloft and fell far and wide.

For us—the five hopeful partners in the venture—it was in truth a rueful spectacle. "No use!" Addison exclaimed tragically. "She's gone! All that fine charcoal, too!"

When the day dawned cold and gusty, still our renegade pit roared and flamed to the stormy skies.

It was of no avail to linger or repine. The pit was fast being reduced to ashes—a dead loss. Ben also required our sympathy and care. His face and hands were badly blistered, his hair singed, and there were painful burns up and down his legs. We escorted him home, and as he was suffering acutely a doctor was sent for. In fact Ben was under medical care for a week afterwards; and there was little doubt that Theodora's presentiment—if it were one,—reinforced by Grandmother Ruth's clothesline, had saved his life.

THE sun had set on the straits. A purple veil hung from the clouds to the red line of the horizon. The water lay flat and glistening—not water, indeed, but a stretch of polished glass, red and gold in blocks of solid color. Straight before the canoe, outlined grimly against the west, stood the island of Michilimackinac, their goal.

The three men in the rotten old canoe that they had found near a deserted wigwam rested their paddles. They were gaunt and ragged. Hertel, in the bow, gazed at the black island almost fiercely. His eyes were half-wild with hunger and hardship. His paddle was a flat piece of driftwood. Dufault lay on his back in the middle of the canoe, looking up at the sky. In the stern, kneeling, his paddle grinding along the gunwale, was Guy St. Jean. His face was thin, and the lower part was covered with a soft beard. His coat was a rusty earth color, and was shredded and frayed from the brambles.

"Half a league, M'sieu," said Hertel, without turning.

"Very well, Hertel." The two men dipped their paddles.

Guy looked down at Dufault. The man's eyes still looked straight up. The muscles about his mouth were twitching. His nerves were nearly gone with the work and strain and hunger. Guy could almost read his thoughts. For days, since they had found the canoe and had begun working their way through the North Channel of the Great Bay of the Hurons, the object of their journey had been dropped from their talk. There was a common dread of failure, the fear that they would be too late. Now Guy could see the question in Dufault's face. He could read the question in Hertel's big shoulders as they swung with the paddle.

The island grew nearer and bigger. It stood silent in the settling dusk. They listened intently. The air was clear, with the sharp distinctness of the upper lakes. They rested their paddles again. A voice came over the water. It was some sentry at the fort or perhaps a lounging trader, humming Marcelle's river song. Every note of his voice was distinct. He broke off abruptly, and a dog barked.

"All right, Hertel," said Guy, dipping his paddle.

The old soldier did not move. His paddle rested on the sharp bow of the canoe. He was humming the river song.

"All right, Hertel. Go ahead."

Hertel started, then lowered his paddle. At last the canoe grated on the sand below the cliffs. They drew it up and turned it over; then, with an occasional muttered commonplace, they walked round to the rude steps, and climbed to the fort on the plateau.

"Stand!" said the sentry at the stockade gate. It was darker now. Guy stepped forward.

"I come with orders for Colonel Courtemanche."

The sentry looked him over, then said gruffly: "From where?"

"From Quebec."

"What are the orders?"

"I shall deliver them only to the officer in command."

"Colonel Courtemanche is not here."

The sentry spoke in matter-of-fact tones. Guy looked at him for a moment before the words reached his mind.

"Not here," he repeated huskily, "not here? He has gone—"

"He has gone," replied the sentry, now amused.

"Where?"

"You have a good many questions, young man."

"Don't you understand? I am from Quebec, from Governor Frontenac, and I must see Colonel Courtemanche."

"You will have to wait—perhaps a week."

"Then he is coming back?" There was faint relief in Guy's voice.

"Yes. I do not know that his movements are secret. He has gone to Green Bay, and will return by way of Sault Ste. Marie."

"Why has he gone?"

The sentry grew impatient. "It was not by my orders. I do not know. You can ask Sergeant Dungan when he returns tomorrow. It was he who brought what seemed to set the colonel ranging far and wide for *voyageurs*."

Guy turned to Dufault and Hertel. They were standing with anxious faces.

"You cannot stand here," said the sentry.

Runners of the Woods

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Chapter IV. Traitor and Accuser

Dufault started aimlessly away, but Guy lingered.

"Perhaps you could tell me where we would eat."

"Oh," replied the sentry, with more interest, "you are hungry?"

"Yes."

"Wait here." He stepped back through the gate. In a few moments he returned with another soldier.

"Charles will show you." A frontiersman early learns the lesson of hospitality.

THE soldier took them in charge and led the way among the huts of logs and bark that straggled about the little plateau. Men and women (the latter mostly Indians) were lounging on the trodden grass or perhaps could be seen through open doors. The men were the rough sons of the woods, half patriot, half outlaw, who traded with the Indians against the King's laws, but not (it had been whispered) against the will of the old Governor, who had a pocket of his own. There were many Indians here, of the homeless tribes that had been driven from their lodges by the far-reaching Iroquois.

The soldier turned into a hut, and spoke to a dark figure inside. The man, evidently an old trader, came out, grunted, and, motioning to the visitors to sit on the ground, returned indoors. He came back shortly with some bread, smoked meat, and lake whitefish, which had been baked crisp on a plank. The soldier, who had been friendly and not inquisitive, said good-night and returned to the fort.

The trader built a fire on the bare spot before the hut and sat down with his guests. Guy had some reserve in answering his questions, but at last he told him that he was awaiting the return of Courtemanche.

Guy sat for a long time looking into the fire. Now that he was actually on the island, with only a few days to pass before he could see Courtemanche, the situation was not so clear, not so simple a matter, as he had expected. In the excitement and eagerness of the journey, he had overlooked certain facts. Dungan was ahead of him. And Dungan was a tried soldier in the King's service. He had come, with full credentials, bearing the Governor's order. These facts might seem stronger than the bare word of a woodsman. Then it came to him that the sergeant had probably already told Guy's story, rearranged to fix suspicion on Guy. He had taken it for granted that Guy must perish in the wilderness. If that had not seemed certain to Dungan, he would surely have killed the three instead of leaving them to starvation. The flames danced saucily before Guy. With sudden discouragement, the reaction that was bound to come now that the strain was over, he seemed to see his hopes fading upward with the smoke of the fire.

He looked at Hertel. The soldier too was looking into the fire, but his eyes were bright, his mouth firm. Hertel could always face real conditions more strongly than doubts.

Guy lay awake till late that night, rolled in a borrowed blanket under the trees. It was weeks since he had had a blanket. Toward the middle of the night he rolled over and touched Hertel.

"Yes, M'sieu?"

"You are not asleep?"

"I have been thinking."

"That seems about all we can do, Hertel. I have wondered if it would be wise to make ourselves known tomorrow before Dungan's return. You have seen more experience than I, Hertel. What do you say?"

"I have puzzled too, M'sieu. Sergeant

order, Dungan, the capture, the journey onward without weapons or food, and the present condition of Hertel, Dufault and himself. The trader was wide-awake, once the narrative was fairly begun, and he leaned back in the half light with his eyes fixed on Guy's face until the story was told. His expression showed that he believed it.

"Now," said Guy, "if you have any furs to go with the expedition, we are here to help you save them. But you must help us."

The trader asked many shrewd questions before committing himself.

"It is strange," he said finally, "a drop of English in the blood is sure to tell in the end. An Englishman may school his voice and hands, but never his heart. You will have to be careful, for Dungan is in favor now. What do you think I can do?"

"I don't know yet, LeBlanc. We must think; meantime we will keep quiet by day in your hut."

"Very well, M'sieu." The trader took Guy's hand earnestly before they parted. Guy was so relieved by his sympathy that he soon fell asleep under the whispering oaks and the drowsy stars.

The next morning, shortly after sunrise, Guy was washing his hands at the bench outside the door. He was bending over the pail when a shadow crossed his feet. He looked up and saw Nicanopé, the Seneca, standing a few yards away, wrapped in his blanket and gazing at him stolidly; Guy started with surprise. Nicanopé drew his blanket closer and walked away.

Guy was looking after him, with the water dripping from his hands, when Hertel came to the door.

"M'sieu sees something?"

"Nicanopé," replied Guy shortly.

"The Seneca?"

"Yes. He that Dungan hired and I refused."

"Did he see M'sieu?"

"Yes."

Hertel reached out and took Guy's arm. "Permit me," he said, "but it will not do to remain outside."

Guy allowed himself to be drawn through the door. "It matters little now, Hertel."

"True," Hertel replied, "Dungan will of course learn that we are here as soon as he returns."

They stood for a moment in silence, each searching for a plan. At last Guy said:

"We will go, Hertel. Call Dufault. We will slip down the cliff to the canoe."

"And then, M'sieu?"

"Then we will go to the mainland and wait for Courtemanche. We can meet him on his way down from the Sault."

"Good."

Dufault, who still slept, was aroused. LeBlanc had a store of muskets, and he fitted them out with a good supply of powder and ball. They were soon ready. Guy slung his musket behind his shoulders and slipped through the door. Dufault, who was close behind, heard him exclaim. A file of soldiers was approaching through the trees.

"Come, boys," said Guy, in a breathless whisper. He darted into the brush beside the hut.

Half a dozen muskets banged, and the balls sung about Guy's ears. He looked back over his shoulder and saw Hertel giving himself up to the officer in command. Guy hesitated, then he turned back and called to the officer. He was ordered to be silent. Two soldiers took his musket and his knife.

"Stop!" said Guy, struggling. "You do not understand! I came from the Governor. I bear orders for Colonel Courtemanche."

The officer looked him over coolly. "You were trying to escape."

Guy started to reply, then stopped and colored. He was beginning to realize his position.

"Come," said the officer, "I know the rest. Sergeant Dungan has denounced you as a traitor. I know the story. But I did not imagine you would dare to come here." He broke off with a laugh and gave the order to march.

At the first opportunity Hertel drew close to Guy and whispered: "M'sieu must not commit himself too early. It will take a cool hand now to win."

Guy bit his lip and studied the ground as he walked.

"You are right, Hertel. We will wait."

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



Illustrated by Gayle Hoskins

The three men in the rotten old canoe that they had found near a deserted wigwam rested their paddles. They were gaunt and ragged . . . eyes half-wild with hunger and hardship

"Perhaps you wish to join his expedition," said the trader.

"What expedition is that?" Guy asked, trying to hide his eagerness for news.

"I do not know. No one knows. But we are all to go. And it is to be to our interest—Courtemanche has told us that, and we all believe him. He is a brave man."

"Yes," said Guy, "he is."

"You know him?"

"I fought with him against the Mohawks."

"Ah, yes. That was glorious. That was a great stroke for New France."

"Will there be fighting now, think you?"

"Well," the trader shrugged his shoulders, "you know Colonel Courtemanche. They say," he leaned forward; the firelight danced on his face and showed the light of the aroused war horse in his eyes, "they say that if Courtemanche succeeds,—if he succeeds, M'sieu,—there will be no more hard months in New France. And it may be that there will be a market for the beaver that are rotting here on this pen of an island."

"Then you think," said Guy, "that he has gone to collect his men?"

"Who knows, M'sieu,—who knows,—unless Dungan?" The trader spread out his hands and screwed his mouth, seeming to dislike Dungan's name.

Dungan would not stop at accusing us. It is three against three, and he has the orders and the uniform. It is a wonder that we have not been arrested already."

"That would mean delay, and confinement."

"Yes, and perhaps the penalty for treason. He would try to dispose of us before Colonel Courtemanche returns. Well, there we are, M'sieu. Dungan has the evidence."

"Yes, Hertel." Guy was still struggling against the truth. Finally he said: "What think you of this trader, LeBlanc?"

"He seems a shrewd fellow."

"He does, Hertel. And I shall wake him now and tell him our story."

"But, M'sieu—"

"We must have help here on the island. And then, Hertel, we have nothing to lose."

The soldier hesitated, but finally agreed. They left their blankets tumbled on the ground near Dufault, who was still sleeping, and went quietly to LeBlanc's cabin. Guy entered and, groping to the bunk against the wall, awoke the trader. Hertel closed the door and, striking a light with his flint, lighted the candle.

THE trader sat up, rubbing his eyes. Guy leaned against the bunk and told him rapidly and simply of himself, the Governor's

WHEN a person looks at a clock, he sees only the time written there, and yet it is not the same with a maker of clocks when he looks at the same time-piece. This man will see more than hours and minutes; he could probably fathom the inside movements from that which is shown on the face. Likewise anyone may drive an automobile without ever knowing how the gears mesh.

So I am thinking that filling the bag is no mean task. You should not think of the receptacle as a junk heap. The understanding of what is put in cannot fail to have an important bearing on the understanding of what is taken out. Not to everyone is given the privilege of seeing the club evolve from the crude material to the finished product, but it was my great good luck to have that opportunity in seeing the metamorphosis that came to my own clubs.

While in Scotland in 1925 I had the pleasant experience of being taken to a factory where iron clubs were made. Here the owner had some clubs shaped for me, everything of the whole process of head-forming being seen by me. The loft of the club, or the angle at which it meets the ball, is the story to learn. The club head will do all the lifting that the ball needs. I know I did not always understand this very well. George Ade, the humorist, tells us that, if there is any uplifting to do, we have to get under. That, of course, is not true in the golf stroke.

I was reading just a while back that it is quite possible now to step into a professional shop and buy a shot. If a golfer comes to a short hole where the distance for him is between a midiron and a mashie, he no longer plays a half-midiron shot but goes to the "pro" shop and buys himself a mashie iron and has the shot, whereas his predecessors had to learn to get there by playing a midiron shot with something less than his natural three-quarter swing. If this is true, then I think golf in the future will be simpler. So far as I know now, I should be shy many sticks in my bag if I did not learn how to use those I have for different shots.

My First Five Clubs

In filling the bag, for the beginner the saturation point is soon reached. My father gave me five to begin with, a brassie, an iron, a mashie, a mashie-niblick and a putter. There are four sticks that would meet the requirements, and these are for the four fundamental strokes. However far you advance in the realm of mathematics, it will be impossible for you to come upon any mathematical form which has not one of the four fundamentals making it up. These four are addition, subtraction, multiplication and division.

Following that analogy, I think of the wood club, with its full swing, as a basal form, the midiron, with a somewhat curtailed swing, as the second fundamental stick, the mashie, whose purpose and loft are still unlike those of the previous two, as the third, while the putter takes care of the fourth. From tee to cup these are the prevailing types for use—and there is a noticeable likeness among the four, for in the final analysis a drive may be an exaggerated putt or a putt may be thought of as an abbreviated drive.

However, a boy or girl takes a fancy to one particular kind and through love for it makes it perform many labors. Then there comes a time when the one club plays him false. It is just as shortsighted for such a golfer to rely on one club as it would be for the dentist to use but one instrument in performing operations, or for the carpenter to use but one tool in all his labors.

If I wished to be facetious, I might say that a golf player is more or less like a tack, in that he can go only so far as his head allows. But I am trying to be serious. Intelligence plays a big part in the game of life, and no more can be said of its importance in one of the gamiest games in life. All players are not brainy, but all players to be successful use their brains.

Underclubbing means using a club not powerful enough for the distance; for example, making iron shots with your mashie.

This mistake is owing to an overween-

Golf for Young Players

IV. The Full Bag and Its Best Stick

By GLENNA COLLETT

Women's National Amateur Champion

ing sense of a player's power to force his shot by over-stressing the club. It is obviously a case of mistaken judgment. It is a very common occurrence. It means short of the green; short of the carry; short of the hole; short. If this happened to a boy or girl once a week, it would be such a shock that he would try to overcome the error. We always notice the unusual, like grass that grows in the cracks in the sidewalk. Underclubbing makes a great impression and induces a feeling of fear. Look out for it!

Bunkers

You must get out of a bunker as cheaply as possible. If a player concentrates on getting out, it is safe to say that he won't be out much when the score is counted at the end of the hole. Careful judgment is required as to the best thing to do, whether you make an explosion shot or a shot in which the ball is taken clean. It is shortsighted just barely to get out of the bunker when your lie is good and a midiron can make the rise. It is just as foolhardy to try a spoon or a midiron where reason says a niblick is the only stick to do the work. Here is a place where the best stick in the bag brings in low scores. Do not disdain niblick practice. It will win matches for you. You can waste as many as a dozen shots



HOW GLENNA COLLETT PUTTS

This photograph was taken at Stoke Poges, England, where she defeated Cyril Tolley, the great English golfer, by one stroke, in a handicap match

way. In times of stress, however, errors creep in. To know how an error is made is to know how to cure it. To know how to command is only the reverse of knowing how to obey. All the powers of introspection that will rush to our assistance a few hours hence are not of help. The cure for the fault must come on the scene of its birth. Here is the prized moment, and the intelligence that can discern the wrong thing that is being done, that can concentrate enough to right the error, makes a bid for the honor of being the best stick in the bag.

Judging Distances

Not to every one is given the mathematical accuracy of gauging distances between points. For a long time the race has had no occasion to use such observations as we need to follow in the golf game. Maybe the nearest approach to such an idea was in the mind of the javelin-thrower. The point is not so much to be able to tell whether the space to be covered is one hundred yards or one hundred and ten yards as it is to tell what distance can be carried with a certain club. In time we all can understand what is meant by a mashie shot. The power so to associate our stick with its distance is the sort of brain power which we wish to see exhibited.

try for a straight out. On the green, too, I think often of the axiom that a straight line is determined by two points. If I ever can hit upon a true putting stroke, that is the rule which will sink my ball in the cup every time. Perhaps that bit of knowledge of geometry will make the theorems of all my boy and girl readers sweeter to learn.

I think that in the first national tournament that I won in 1922 I could have told you that the best stick in my bag was not the driver that gave me such splendid distances nor yet any other member of the kit that was keeping it company. It was really a thought in my mind that made me keep to the same menu for the full tournament. Lamb chops, creamed potatoes and string beans, I would have told you at that time, won for me the cup and the gold medal. It was my idea of keeping fit. I also clung to the same golfing costume during the whole time. Just a little sentiment, I suppose, but then a little bit human.

Playing with a French Girl

The best stick in the bag is of the utmost advantage to the owner when it is a case of getting the right perspective in respect to the amount of time a boy or girl should devote to the practice of the game. I know that I was a cause of great worry to my French instructor in prep school. I took in a tournament at Pinehurst one fall, and I had to miss a few of my school sessions. My teacher was not very enthusiastic about my game—not because, as she said, it made much difference with my French, but because she thought it was such a waste of time, inasmuch as she felt that I would not amount to very much at the game. I think perhaps her idea was somewhat right; anyhow, her French instruction was a sound foundation, as I found out in 1925 in playing the game with Simone de la Chaume. I am glad that my French instructor made me make up my lessons and showed me that I should need other things in golf besides a golf stroke.

No player has a more wonderful temperament for this game than the present champion of England, Joyce Wethered. I could almost wish more of us on this side of the water had the same gift. It would mean a decided help to us. Other players whom I have met with the same gift are Walter Hagen and Alexa Stirling, now Mrs. Fraser. There seems to be no difficulty that this trio would hesitate to meet, and the truth of the matter is that their way of looking at a difficulty more than half clears the trouble away. They make good use of the intelligence stick.

I have implied that four sticks are imperative to a golfer, while five are about right to insure a good game. After all, there may be much in the idea that it is the man behind the clubs that counts most. The membership of the bag changes from time to time, but the changes need not come too often.

It may be interesting to know that I have not changed my woods for three years, and I am not even thinking of so doing, barring accidents and unforeseen events. At present, it is true that I have twice as many sticks in the bag as I once had, and I find as I grow more proficient as a shot-maker that I have a use for all of them.

There may be ways in which a man is superior to a woman, or a boy to a girl, in the game of golf, but when it comes to filling the bag the weaker sex has the same privileges as the members of the stronger. And when it comes to the use of the intelligence, a girl has the same advantage as her brother. Once upon a time there was a little girl who came home from Sunday school to tell her mother that she had just learned how Adam had fallen asleep one day and how the Lord came and took away his brains and made a woman.

Of course when I say that four sticks are imperative to a golfer, I don't mean that you should give up the idea of playing golf just because at the moment when you read this you don't happen to have the money to go out and buy the four. Save a little, then buy one. Then save some more. Soon you will have a collection!

In her next chapter, to be published soon, Miss Collett discusses the Seven Cardinal Virtues of Golf, and how the young player can master them.

THE FIVE MOST USEFUL GOLF CLUBS



BRASSIE
This wooden-headed club is used for long distances through the fairway

MIDIRON
With this iron-headed club a good player can make shots up to 150 or 160 yards. Steady practice with the midiron lowers your score

MASHIE
Useful for getting out of long grass, and for approaching the green. The mashie is the hardest club for a beginner to master

NIBLICK
This iron, as you can guess by the extreme angle of its face, is used almost entirely for getting out of traps and bunkers

PUTTER
When you are finally on the green, you use your putter to send the ball into the hole. Putting takes less effort than any other stroke, but don't forget that about half your strokes are putts!

trying to get out of a bunker, if you don't use the right club.

Every player has found out that it is well to exercise care in the maneuvers on the green and in its immediate vicinity. After the grounds have been drenched with rain it is an unwise person who expects a long run to the ball. Around the cup, however, an intelligent inspection is sure to bring wholesome returns. You learn in time to know intuitively how much force to use in this stroke.

Happy is that people, so it is written, whose annals are brief. Troubles always fill the pages of history. Happy and care-free is a golfer when the game is going his

It is in the case of underclubbing, bunker shots, the slow or the fast on the green or the fairway, the ability to correct errors when they occur, and the judging of distances that the very best friend in the bag is particularly valuable to the young player who has to buy his experience through costly mistakes. But it appeals to me because all knowledge, wherever gained, may be of definite service. Take my geometry, for instance. A few of its axioms greet me often as I wander on my way from tee to cup. It says in my book that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. That is encouraging to me when my meandering course puts me in the rough. I then

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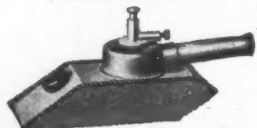
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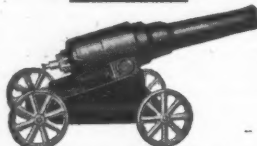
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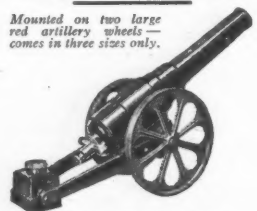
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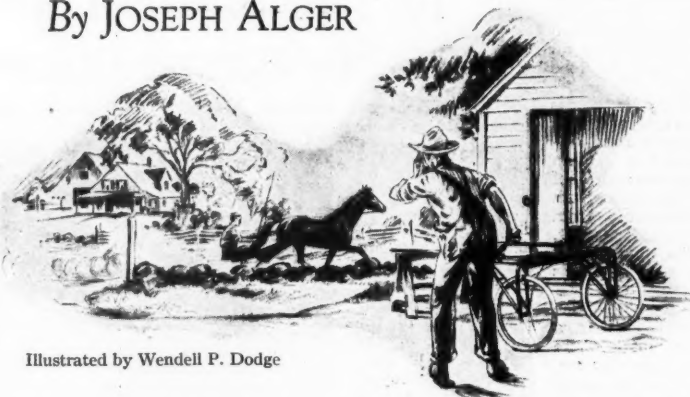


Safe Milk

and Food
For INFANTS,
Children, Invalids,
Nursing Mothers, etc.

Whoa, Snapdragon

By JOSEPH ALGER



Illustrated by Wendell P. Dodge

"Why don't you get a gasoline buggy?" yelled Jerry as the Hobbs entry passed

It wasn't so murderous as an old-time feud, but it was every bit as vigorous. Village gossips will tell you it began about the time of the Civil War, when the Hobbs farm was about to sell the government a large herd of cows, and the Arnold farm made a lower offer the last minute, snatching a large profit from under the Hobbses' very noses. From this little acorn of hate grew a big oak, while the golden rule hung uselessly in big red letters on the wall of the Sunday School.

The main road to the village divided the Hobbs land from the Arnold land, and it might just as well have been the Great Wall of China for all the social calls that took place between the two families. Every Sunday they drove to church in their very best carryalls, sitting in pews directly across the aisle from each other, but never exchanging a friendly word.

And the funny part of it all is, they were both fine families. They could have saved themselves a lot of trouble if they had only forgotten the Civil War episode. But they didn't.

Once the feud was almost broken. Little Clarissa Arnold cut her finger badly out in a field near the road. Mrs. Hobbs, who was picking huckleberries across the way, heard the child crying and ran over. Mrs. Arnold was in the village at the time, and all the men were at the mill for sawdust. Mrs. Hobbs took Clarissa into the Arnold house and fixed up the wounded finger in no time. Mrs. Arnold came home later and found Clarissa with a bulging bandage on, laughing and chattering with Mrs. Hobbs. She thanked her enemy heartily. "Oh, that's all right," said Mrs. Hobbs, but they never spoke to each other again for six weeks.

The tide of ill feeling ran highest at the time of the fair.

The climax of the fair was the horse race, on a real race track, with real racing gigs. In this event the Arnolds had been victorious for three successive years, with Jerry Arnold driving Flyaway in a red gig painted annually. The Hobbses' green gig was painted just as well and just as often, but somehow Rocket wouldn't get over the ground fast enough to finish better than second.

This year Abner Hobbs was trying to decide whether to run Snapdragon, Rocket's colt. Snapdragon had never been in a harness in his life, not to mention a gig, so things didn't look very bright. And one day as Abner was leaning on the fence moping over the hopeless situation, he received a severe blow. His oldest son, Sylvester, came sidling toward him bashfully.

"What's ailing you, Sylvester? Break something?"

"Pa, I'm goin' to—"

"Well, you're goin' to what?"

"I—want to get married."

"I see," said the father dubiously. "Who to?"

Sylvester looked away and stammered, "Naomi Arnold."

Abner Hobbs didn't say a word. He walked away, his arms locked behind him, shaking his head and gazing sadly on the ground. He hadn't shown so much emotion in twenty years.

"But, pa," pleaded Sylvester some time later, encouraged now that the ice was broken, "not likin' a family ain't no excuse not to marry it."

Mother Hobbs sided with Sylvester. "Abner, just think how nice it will be not to have to go all the way over to Ed Howard's to borrow things. A few more friends will be fine. If we was in the city, it wouldn't matter so much, but there ain't people to spare here."

A similar scene was being enacted at the house of Arnold.

"Pa, Sylvester Hobbs has asked me to marry him," said Naomi.

"Well," replied the father gruffly, "you told him 'no,' didn't you?"

"No—yes, I mean—no; I told him 'yes.'"

"My daughter marry a Hobbs! Never!"

"He's a good boy," interceded Mrs. Arnold. "Besides, it's high time all this quarrelin' stopped. If this was a big town, it wouldn't matter so much, but the more friends the better here."

The argument lasted long, and grew louder as it lasted. There was a knock at the door.

"It's Sylvester Hobbs," announced little Clarissa, who had spied through the window.

"How d'do," said Jerry Arnold formally as he opened the door.

"How d'do," replied the enemy quite as formally. Naomi blushed a deep warm sunset.

Sylvester, who had been timid in the face of his determined father at his own fence, now fearlessly spoke with his back to

boastfully, "and I feel that my daughter is in safe hands."

With the fair only three weeks away, Sylvester did very little work on the farm. He went out to the wood lot with Snapdragon and gave intensive lessons. Hestoutly refused to accept aid from his father, who looked at the little animal hopelessly.

"Why don't you get a gasoline buggy?" yelled Jerry as the Hobbs entry passed, but Sylvester paid no attention, for Snapdragon was gaining speed at the curve, in

spite of many soothing "whoas" from his driver.

Then came the fair; three days of warm September sun and complete indolence, except the essential chores.

Shortly before the great and momentous race on the last day Sylvester stole an opportunity to interview his fiancée.

"If I win, we can get married. If I lose, we can get married anyhow."

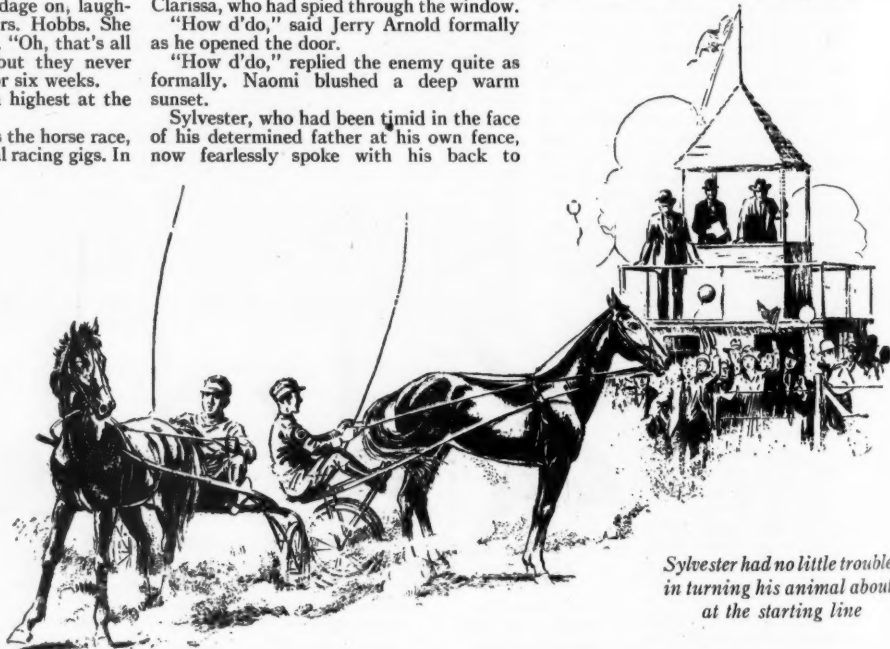
"But I hope you win, Syl. Pa's just a mite too proud. We got one blue ribbon more'n you did, you know."

"I'm goin' to win. Naomi, ain't there a sayin' about all's fair in love?"

"Yes, love and war—you ain't goin' to upset pa, are you?"

"No, nothin' like Ben Hur. But I got a small trick that's going to help me beat your pa."

"Good," said Naomi with implicit faith. As Sylvester turned to go to the stables he noticed that she was wearing a fluttering green ribbon, and he felt as pleased as a



Sylvester had no little trouble in turning his animal about at the starting line

the wall, and the enemy's wall at that. "Mr. Arnold, will you let me marry Naomi if I can beat you and Flyaway at the fair?" Jerry Arnold was taken aback by this bold sporting proposition.

"My pa doesn't like this marryin' idea any more'n you do, but he's willin' to stand by my horse race scheme, if you are."

"He's playin' safe. Rocket can't never beat Flyaway."

"I ain't goin' to run Rocket; it's Snapdragon."

"You mean that little colt?"

"Yes, that's just what I mean."

"Why, that little nag couldn't do as good as a cow in a gig."

"Will you let me marry Naomi if he beats Flyaway?"

"Yes," said Mr. Arnold firmly, almost

toreador going into the fight with the queen's white rose. The Hobbses and the Arnolds hadn't told a soul about the importance of the race—not a soul. Nevertheless, there wasn't a soul at the fair who didn't know all about it. One wide-awake vender was making large sums of money selling red and green ribbons representing the feudal families. All other entries for the final race had withdrawn, some because they had no hope of beating Flyaway, and others because they preferred to view the race from a stationary position.

At the judges' stand on the straightaway of the quarter-mile track a large multitude assembled. It was a very excited multitude, waving green and red ribbons, and talking in unbridled frenzy.

First on the track was Jerry Arnold,

restraining the spirited Flyaway with firm rein. The newly painted gig flashed red under the rays of the September sun. Flyaway certainly looked like a winner, if high steps, flourishing mane, and sleek, shiny flanks mean anything. Jerry maneuvered his squeakless vehicle up and down before the judges' stand and didn't look half badly himself with his shined boots and tightly fitting cap.

Then a flash of fresh green paint announced the approach of the Hobbs entry. Sylvester was greeted with sincere yells, but they were based on faint hopes.

"If the horse warn't the most important thing in a horse race," observed Ed Howard, "Sylvester might win."

"He's a nice-lookin' boy, and Naomi Arnold is a nice-looking girl," said his wife with just the slightest trace of pathos in her voice.

The judges' bell rang the "get ready" signal. Deep breaths were taken. The race was to be one mile, four laps round the track. No jousting bout ever called forth more spirited enthusiasm. Sylvester had no little trouble in turning his animal about at the starting line, while Jerry Arnold handled Flyaway with the ease of a professional.

"GO!" yelled the head judge. There was a dusty scurry of hoofs. The two horses passed the starting line neck and neck. No bell called them back. They were off!

Flyaway moved speedily and on even keel. Snapdragon still had his tendency to reel from side to side. At the first curve Flyaway was ahead. Sylvester yelled stern commands, and as the contestants started up the rear straightaway a cheer burst from the lips of the Hobbs supporters. Snapdragon was ahead. But again on the straightaway Flyaway gained the lead.

"That boy has sure trained that colt for the curves," said Ed Howard.

"It ain't so much that," said a bystander. "Look now! See how Jerry slows down on them curves."

Sure enough. It did look as though Flyaway were unnecessarily slow on the corners.

The fourth lap was on! At the curve before the final stretch Flyaway was ahead. Above the confusion came the voice of Sylvester shouting "Whoa!" at the top

of his lungs and almost continuously. "Now just why does he yell that?" exclaimed Father Hobbs.

"He's yelled that at every curve," said the able-eared Clarissa, "and every time he yells it he goes ahead."

"Maybe he's afraid of tippin' over?" offered Mrs. Hobbs. At the repeated bellowings of "Whoa!" Snapdragon took on a new lease of life and whirled round the track like a mad mustang. The "whoas" grew louder, and Flyaway became slightly bewildered. Tradition and instinct taught him that it meant "halt" in the horse school of marching.

On dashed Sylvester, now in the lead nearing the finish in rapid uneven spurts, always yelling "Whoa!" At the final dash Jerry got Flyaway out of his quandary, but there was a two-lengths lead to overcome. On that dash hung the possible end of a great feud. A last swirl of dust arose. The judges strained their eyes over the finish line. A mighty shout burst from the crowd as green and red ribbons waved. Naomi was far too excited to make a sound. In a last roar of hoof beats the horses flew past the finish line.

Sylvester had won!

After the prize had been awarded the house of Hobbs, Jerry Arnold stepped up to congratulate the victor.

"Why in time did you keep yellin' 'Whoa'?" he asked.

Sylvester smiled sheepishly. "You see, 'whoa' means 'giddap' to Snapdragon. I brought him up to think that. If they told you 'whoa' meant 'giddap' when you were a baby, you'd still believe it."

Jerry mopped a bewildered brow. "I ain't sure I don't believe it now," he said. Then his look of perplexity turned to a smile, and he extended a sincere hand.

"It warn't exactly fair," confessed Sylvester, "but you know what it meant to me." What it meant to him blushed for the hundredth time that day.

"You're right, my boy," said the father-in-law-to-be, "all's fair in love and war; and it looks like the war is over."

It was.

Around the corner of a lemonade booth the mothers Arnold and Hobbs were kissing each other, their eyes moist with joyful tears.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Industrial Self-Government

Congress has passed and the President has signed the bill which abolishes the Railway Labor Board and permits the railways and their employees to settle disputes over wages and working conditions by mutual agreement. The bill was supported by the entire railway industry; neither executives nor men have liked the political atmosphere in which their affairs have been involved since the creation of the Labor Board. They think they can settle their own affairs much more promptly and equitably, and they are to have a chance to try. The new law authorizes railways and employees to establish joint adjustment boards, and it creates a Board of Mediation, to be appointed by the President, which can intervene to study and report on questions which the adjustment boards have not been able to settle.

The Perfect Fascist State

In precise contrast to the policy which our Congress pursued in passing the railway-labor law, is the Mussolinian programme for assuring industrial peace that is announced from Rome. The Fascist system, which Mussolini has worked out very carefully, and which his cabinet has just approved, extends state control over every interest of capital and labor—"inserting both vitally into the state organism," as the Duce puts it. The system is too complicated to be explained clearly in a short space; but it can be summarized as follows. All labor unions and employer associations are dissolved. Thirteen national associations are created to include all classes of workers and employers. Intellectual and manual workers must belong to different associations. The associations are grouped into three confederations for workers, employers and professional people. There will be special associations for state

employees, including teachers. All labor disputes must be submitted to arbitration, and special courts are to be established for that purpose. The whole system of associations and therefore of all industry is under the control of the government through the ministry of corporations. We can see in this elaborate organization some of the fruits of Mussolini's long training as a Socialist.

A Former Attorney-General Indicted

Mr. Harry M. Daugherty of Ohio, Attorney-General under President Harding, must stand trial with Col. Thomas W. Miller, formerly Alien Property Custodian, on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the United States. John T. King of Connecticut, who was indicted at the same time for the same offence, died a few days after the indictment was brought. The case grew out of the transfer of \$7,000,000, derived from the sale of certain German-owned shares in the American Metals Company, to a Swiss corporation which claimed to be the owner of the shares. It is charged that the Swiss corporation was not the bona fide owner of the shares, and that it did not obtain the money until it had paid over \$440,000 to Mr. King and to the late Jesse Smith, who was a close friend and associate of Mr. Daugherty.

Sweden Finds a Gold Mine

Stockholm reports that some very rich ore deposits have been discovered in the province of Vesterbotten, in northern Sweden, not far from the Arctic Circle. The ore contains quantities of gold, silver, sulphur, copper and arsenic. The extent of the deposits has not yet been fully determined, but the chief of Sweden's geological survey predicts that the gold field will prove to be the fourth richest in the world, and that the other minerals will be still more valuable.



FANCY DIVING

DIVING, like swimming, demands that the novice master certain fundamental elements first. Briefly stated, there are five essentials which must be observed which apply to diving from the 3-foot board or the 10-foot board, the two standard heights for fancy diving.

First—The starting position. This is a position of "Attention" on the lower end of the board.

Second—The approach, which should be made in a bold, confident manner.

Third—The take-off. This is accomplished with a fairly high jump on to the end of the board and the spring made from both feet, combined with a shoulder lift so that a maximum of height may be attained.

Fourth—Form in the air. This is the most important part of the dive. As the diver leaves the board, the back should be arched, the head well back and the toes pointed.

Fifth—Entry into the water. In all dives, the position of the head goes a long way towards regulating the movement of the body while in the air.

Fuller instructions for fancy diving, and swimming, will be found in "Science of Swimming" (Spalding's Athletic Library, No. 106R), by Frank J. Sullivan, Swimming Instructor at Princeton University and Editor of the Intercollegiate Swimming Guide.



RUNNING FRONT, SWAN OR ANGEL DIVE

From a run the take-off is made from both feet; the spring should be upward rather than outward; simultaneously with the body lift the arms are placed in position at right angles to the body and held outstretched for an appreciable time. Upon entering the water, the hands must be together, body arched and legs held straight with toes pointed.



FRONT JACK-KNIFE

The take-off is the same as in the front dive, but the lift is mainly from the hips. The "jack" position, i.e., body bent at hips, with hands touching the legs below the knees should be held momentarily; on the opening, the position for the entry is the same as in the front dive.

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FACT AND COMMENT

THE PRIDE OF INTELLECT is more vulgar than the pride of the *nouveau riche*. For the new rich man has made his money himself, whereas your intellect is a gift of God.—Stanley Baldwin.

DOGS IN READING, MASSACHUSETTS, are obliged by law to wear muzzles. But when Prince, an eight-months-old St. Bernard, saw a child drowning in the water of a pond the inherited instinct to save life was too strong for the man-made law. The dog tore off his muzzle, leaped into the pond and saved the child. We hope the selectmen of Reading have granted Prince a special dispensation from the discomfort of a muzzle. He has earned it.

EARLY COMERS to the Arc de Triomphe in Paris one morning recently saw resting on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, beneath the arch, a wreath tied with the German colors and bearing two inscriptions. One in German read, "From the German League for the Rights of Man"; one in French said, "To the Unknown Soldier from Soldiers of Peace." A trifling incident, but, if there were enough of them, how much difference it might make in the thoughts of two nations, traditionally hostile!

AS LATE as 1800 capital punishment was the penalty by English law for two hundred separate forms of crime, and twenty years later there were still one hundred and eighty capital offenses. In 1830 a young clerk was hanged in London for forging a small check, though his employers, whose name he had forged, exhausted all their influence to save him. There are now only five crimes for which a man may suffer death—murder, rape, arson, burglary and highway robbery,—and it is rare to have the penalty inflicted for any but the first. In several of the United States capital punishment for any crime has been abolished.

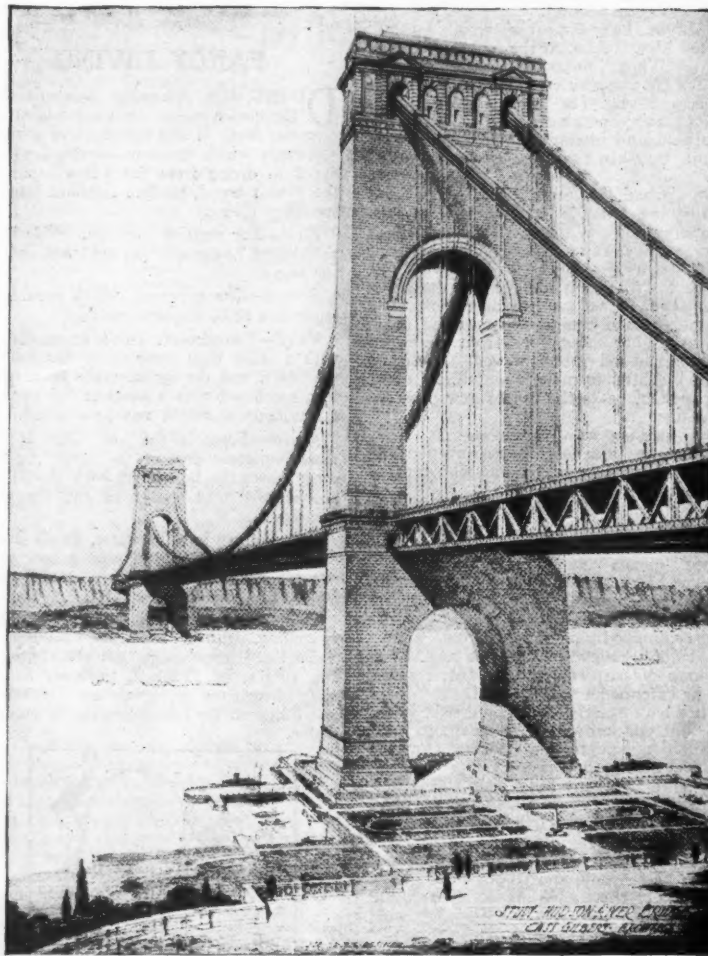
TAXES AND AGRICULTURE

WE spoke last week of one lesson that we might draw from the British general strike—the danger of industrializing our country at the expense of its agriculture and the folly of draining our farms to build ever greater and greater cities. Do our readers remember the interesting letter from a New England farm boy, Eric Elvin, which we printed only a few weeks before that? He told of making an attractive and livable home out of an old, condemned farmhouse, and of creating a profitable business enterprise on a farm like the ones from which many discouraged New Englanders are moving away to the nearest city.

But he told us of one obstacle to his success and to that of others like him—taxation. "In this part of the country," he wrote, "if a manufacturing concern comes to town, and starts a business, it is often exempted from taxation for a term of years; but if a boy stays on the farm and tries to build a house for himself, or otherwise improves things, he is taxed higher."

In that sentence Eric Elvin put his finger on one of the greatest difficulties with which our farmers have to struggle—the tendency to high and ever higher taxation and the ambition of so many country villages to become industrial towns, with all sorts of urban "improvements." The cost of turning a pretty rural village into an ineffectual imitation of a big factory town is very considerable, and in order to attract the necessary manufacturing enterprises to support an increased population the town councillors, as Eric Elvin has found out, are apt to exempt those enterprises from their proper share of the tax burden. The kind of residents the mills bring it do not as a rule add much to the tax-paying class. The cost of the expensive "improvements," which are bought with borrowed money, through the issuing of tax-exempt bonds, falls heavily on the real-estate holders, the homeowners, and even more on the farmers—who get less out of all this inflation for what they pay than anyone else.

No country in the world, unless it be a conquered nation, or one that is carrying the burden of a long and disastrous war, is so heavily taxed as we are. We have Federal taxes, state taxes, county taxes, municipal taxes and in some cases village corporation taxes as well. Most of our agencies of government are spending lavishly, pouring forth



What the new bridge across the Hudson at New York City will look like. From a sketch by Cass Gilbert, the architect

bond issues, increasing the number of public officials, and both real-estate valuations and tax rates are going up to meet the bills. The man is lucky whose tax bills are not three or four times what they were a dozen years ago. It is a fact that one person in every twelve is a government employee or else a public charge, and so gets his living from the tax rates.

Nothing is harder than putting a stop to this sort of rivalry in extravagance and turning a municipal or state government from a spendthrift to a sensible economist. But it is time for our boys and girls who are growing up—and who will, after a few years, be among the people who are paying the taxes—to begin to think about these things. They must decide whether, when they become voters, they are going to help along the transformation of the United States into a country of great manufacturing cities and small industrial towns, each straining to ape the manners and the aspect of the big cities. They cannot do that without discouraging agriculture and making it harder and harder for a strong and self-respecting farm population to survive.

And that way danger lies.

JOHNNY APPLESEED

NEARLY eighty years have passed since that strange, almost mythical character, John Chapman, died of pneumonia in the humble log cabin of friends, near where the city of Fort Wayne, Ind., now stands. Nearly eighty years! And yet his memory is so far from forgotten that only a few weeks ago it moved a group of people in the Middle West to the concerted planting of some thirty thousand apple trees in his name. For John Chapman was better known as "Johnny Appleseed," the man who, throughout nearly all of the first half of the nineteenth century, devoted himself to the then thankless task of planting appleseeds and setting little nurseries and grafting the young trees along the paths of the early settlers of the West.

There is confusion and mystery in such records of his life as have been preserved. Some accounts say that he was born near Bunker Hill, others in Springfield, Mass. It is known, at least, that he appeared as a wanderer in the valley of the Potomac in 1799, and the next year was in western Pennsylvania. One day in 1800 a woman who lived on the banks of the Ohio near Steubenville saw a strange-looking object floating down the river. It consisted of two canoes lashed together and loaded with bags. In one of the canoes was a barefooted man in ill-fitting clothes and a broad-brimmed hat. It was John Chapman with a cargo of appleseeds that he had gathered from the Pennsylvania cider mills. He told the woman that he was on his way into the wilderness to plant the seeds, so that there might be nurseries ready for the pioneers when they came.

To that work he devoted the whole of a long life, for he was seventy-two when he died; and according to all accounts no kindlier, gentler man ever lived. He was always barefooted, never more than scantily dressed, and he never had any permanent habitation. When he slept under cover at all it was in the rude cabin of some settler, and there his bed, by choice, was the floor.

But, though poor, he was neither ignorant nor crude. His manners were gentle, and his speech that of a man of some education. All the creatures of the forest he regarded as fellow beings and friends, so that when he once killed a snake in the heat of excitement or fear it grieved him to think about it.

When illness drove him to seek refuge in the cabin of his friend, William Worth, he asked if he might read a chapter in the Bible and conduct family prayers. The passage that he chose was one that his whole life had exemplified—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven"; and he closed with a prayer so generous and beautiful both in words and sentiment that those who were present never forgot it.

A simple, homely life, yet when the news

came that it had ended a Representative from Ohio announced on the floor of the House that an old man had just died who had "done more for the West than any other man of his era."

And now Fort Wayne is going to mark the grave of Johnny Appleseed and make it accessible to the public.

SPECULATING IN STOCKS

WHETHER ventures into the stock market, not to buy stocks outright and hold them as an investment, but to buy them "on margin," trusting that a lucky rise in value will enable him to sell quickly at a large profit, is fortunate if he escapes without a severe and costly lesson. Luck seldom visits those who blindly trust it. For every extraordinary instance of good fortune there are countless quite ordinary experiences which are unattended by any fortune whatever. The person who speculates emerges from his adventures—if he has merely normal fortune—neither conspicuously better nor worse off than when he embarked upon them. Had he put his money into conservative investments, the yield at the end of the period of time covered by his speculations would not have been very much greater or very much less than his profits. This is presenting the case for the speculator as favorably as possible, for it assumes that he has ample resources and so can protect himself against the possibility of losing his capital in a sudden decline of the market. And most speculators of the amateur variety lack ample resources and underestimate the importance of a substantial reserve fund.

But, leaving aside the discussion of the chances of profit or loss, we may say flatly that the moral effect of speculation is almost always bad. The speculator loses his interest in productive effort. He becomes mentally a feverish idler. According to the extent to which he commits himself to gambling—and it is an insidious vice—he is preoccupied with worry or with expectation, unable to give his best attention to his work. Under the pressure of adversity, his moral fibre often gives way; he clutches desperately at what he thinks is a chance to save himself from ruin, and his adventures in speculation end in peculation.

CHILDREN AS CENSORS

THERE is continual debate about the morals and manners of the younger generation. You can get any sort of opinion you like on the question, by looking for it. Some novelists are in chronic despair over our boys and girls. Others assert that there is no reason for worrying about them, and that it is their elders who are really at fault.

We saw the other day a curious bit of testimony on the subject, which we report without giving any opinion on its value—of which we are not certain. A family of six children went before a probate judge in Kansas, to protest against being sent back to the care of their mother, from whom they had been taken by the court, on the ground that she was an unfit guardian, since she bobbed her hair, wore improper clothing and was otherwise objectionable in her conduct.

It is only fair to add that the mother indignantly denied the charges and declared that the children were only repeating words that had been put into their mouths by others, who were her enemies. Without knowing more about the case—and particularly without knowing something about the mother and the children—we cannot be sure whether these young people are little prigs, or instruments in the hands of others, or sincerely offended by the conduct of a mother who is unworthy of them. But if, as the news stories seem to indicate, the last is the probable case, the episode ought to be put to the credit of the rising generation.

And, whatever are the facts about these Kansas children and their bobbed-hair mother, we can all of us think of families of our acquaintance where the parents set no good example of sobriety and propriety to their children, and of many more where father and mother, blameless of conduct themselves, are weakly tolerant of every sort of indiscretion in their offspring. If parents always did their duty, there would be far less reason to complain of the children, and far less unhappiness in store for both.

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Miscellany

ISOLATION

By Cornelia Channing Aldridge

Today amid the quiet of country things
I shelled the peas and let my spirit's wings
Bear me afar, though still I plainly heard
The cow bell's tinkle and a mocking bird
In the old garden; saw the poppies' heads
High lifted in the children's flower beds
Like fairy chalices to catch the sun.
My eyes drank in their beauty, one by one,
So exquisite, so transient and so frail,
So passionately red, so purely pale,
With every shade of pinkness in between,
Against the early summer's vivid green.
What joy among the angels that glad day
God made our blossoms in the heavenly way.
An airplane with its silver wings outspread
Sails southward in the blueness overhead;
And I go with it to the ships at sea,
To all the havens where I long to be.
Somewhere beyond these trees that hem me
round

The world I lost so early may be found.
The canyon cities and the myriad faces,
The teaming rush of all the busy places,
Bright lights and music and the world of
men—

Ah, I would be within it once again.
And yet I know some suffering city soul
Would make of all I have an earthly goal.
Would I exchange for bricks one damask
rose?
My heart might break, and yet again who
knows?

GOD'S PROFIT

WHEN Eliphaz asked Job, "Can a man be profitable unto God?" he put one of those questions that are assumed to carry their own answer. Eliphaz assumed that the negative was so inevitable that no one would think of any other reply. Job did not deny the implication which the question contained, and few men have denied it since.

Eliphaz said that, if a man is righteous, he himself is the gainer, and he admitted that there might be a gain to other men in his goodness. But as for God, He was too far above all human affairs to be profited.

The question has gone long enough unanswered. Let us answer it by denying the implication of Eliphaz. A man can be profitable to God. The proof of it is this same book of Job.

Few people would deny that a man can inflict a loss on God. In Ceylon they do not love the bishop who wrote the hymn which speaks of that island as a place

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

One cannot blame them for disliking thus to be singled out as examples of depravity; nor are the native peoples of Ceylon the most vile to be found on earth. Nor can we afford to admit that it is true anywhere that man is a blot on an otherwise perfect landscape. If that were true, we could not justify God in having made man.

The book of Job was written to prove that

God's honor stands or falls with the ability he displays to create moral character that can stand erect and honest and reflect credit on God. It might be affirmed that we cannot increase God's material wealth, for the cattle of a thousand hills are his. But if God made the rose with five petals and man by loving care makes the petals twenty-five or a hundred and twenty-five, has he added nothing to God's wealth? And if God gave to each of us, not goodness, but capacity for goodness, and we make that goodness actual in character, do we not increase the sum total of goodness even in the universe of a good God?

It is high time we should challenge the too confident affirmation of Job's friend. A man can be profitable to God. Furthermore, a larger number of people ought to be seeking to accomplish this very desirable result.

YOUNG TONY AND THE CHICKENS

MR. TONY SARG, famous puppet-master, artist and mechanic, first displayed his mechanical ingenuity at the age of six. His father believed that even a very little boy should be held responsible for some daily task, and that assigned to Tony was to feed the chickens at half past six every morning, an hour at which it was so much pleasanter to stay snuggled comfortably in bed than he decided not to get up. "To circumvent this early-morning rising," he has related in a recent number of the *American Magazine*, "I rigged up a couple of pulleys and ran a line from my bedroom window to the sliding drop-door of the chicken house. I spread the grain in the yard the evening before, and when my father knocked on the door in the morning I released the chickens by pulling on the rope. Half an hour later my father came back. "Did you feed the chickens?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir!"
"I didn't see you go down."
"When I showed him my scheme he was so pleased to think that his son had used his head to solve a simple problem that he absolved me from further responsibility toward the chickens."

WHEN THE KING PLAYED FOOTBALL

WHEN Karl R. Snow of Salem, eleven years old, was on the Gold Coast of South Africa with his father three years ago, he became the friend and playfellow of the jolly childlike black king of Lower Wassau, Nana Intisiful Essel, who reserved his kingliness for formally official occasions only. The boy recently told something of his unusual chum to Mr. Phil Hart, who told the public through the *Boston Herald*. He asked Mr. Hart if he has ever seen an armadillo.

"Well, you ought to see one! They have long tongues with sticky stuff on the end. They catch flies with it. One day I saw the King asleep under a banana tree with an armadillo picking flies off his face. Finally he woke up. When he saw what it was that was bothering him he was awful mad. He grabbed a big banana-stem, and the last I saw of him he was chasing the armadillo through the trees."

It was not the only time he saw his royal friend "awful mad." Once a game of football was going on among a crowd of Kroo boys on the beach when Nana came along and dashed exuberantly into the middle of things. One of the boys had been sent for water and was carrying an empty pottery jar under his arm while he played. All of a sudden he stubbed his toes and dropped the jar. It was round, just like the football, and about the same color. The King was jumping around, all excited, kicking this way and that, and when the jar rolled in front of him he thought it was the ball. He gave it a terrible kick with his bare toes! He let out a yell and grabbed the jar up in his hands and smashed it all to pieces on a rock. Then he went down near the water and sat down and scowled. He was all right after a while, though, and gave the Kroo boy a coin for the broken jar.

PUZZLED DOROTHY

MOTHER was busy, cleaning a chicken for the family dinner.

Little Dorothy watched the process with keen interest, says the *Progressive Grocer*, especially when the entrails were being taken out of the fowl.

"Mother," asked the child, finally, "just what are you looking for in there?"

Send them to Camp with a Waterman's

THOUSANDS of mothers will await a word of safe arrival and joyful days from boys and girls at summer camps. The boy or girl with a Waterman's will be inspired to write frequently and well. A good pen in the camp kit is important. The pen shown will fit the youngster's hand and is moderately priced at \$2.75.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Makes a Splendid Graduation Present

There are larger sizes for fathers and mothers, at \$4.00 to \$7.50.

When you buy a Waterman's you get the pen of protection and perfection. Sold by a nearby merchant in every town and city in the United States.

L. E. Waterman Company, 191 Broadway, New York
Chicago Boston San Francisco Montreal



After a Round and a tramp over the course

how you enjoy a glass of

White House Coffee iced

Hot or cold there is no finer drink. If you have not yet adopted White House Coffee a new pleasure awaits you

"The flavor is roasted in"

If you have tea lovers as guests serve them White House Tea—they'll never forget it. Sold by best grocers everywhere.

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY

Boston Chicago Portsmouth, Va.

The Hayes Method for Asthma and Hay-Fever

The Recognized Standard of Successful Treatment For particulars of the Hayes Method and reports of cured cases, young and old, address P. Harold Hayes, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y., asking for Bulletin Y-252.

Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy. Mfrs., Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

Sterling Washproof Name Tapes

may be sewed on any fabric whether thick or thin, white or colored, rough or smooth. Their use is the best method of marking camp outfit. With any name, 75c for 100, postpaid. Samples Free.

STERLING NAME TAPE CO.

Young Street, : : Winsted, Conn. Established 1901

Answer the advertisements on this page and mention The Youth's Companion

THIS BOOK TELLS YOU HOW TO MAKE THINGS



And It's Yours Free!

Shows what a "cinch" it is to make about everything you use in camping, scouting, playing or fixing up a den—also why Arkansas Soft Pine makes each job easy.

Write now for your copy, being sure to include the name of the lumber dealer from whom you'd buy the material.

**ARKANSAS
SOFT PINE BUREAU**
333 Boyle Building, Little Rock, Ark.



Your stubborn hair is in for a jolt

DON'T throw up the sponge every time your wild hair refuses to "lie down."

Get up tomorrow morning and stage a come-back. You can do it—with Stacomb. Stacomb keeps the most unruly hair in place—all day. Keeps it smooth, brings out all its natural, healthy lustre. Helps prevent dandruff too. Stacomb comes in jars, tubes and liquid form. All drug stores. Buy it today.

Stacomb

FREE OFFER

Standard Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. AB-32, 113 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.
Send me, free, a generous sample of Stacomb.
I prefer the kind checked:—
Original, cream form []. New liquid form [].

Name.....

Address.....

**DON'T
STAMMER**
Quick, easy, complete cure
guaranteed. Information, diag-
nosis, photograph record and catalog free. America's
Largest school. Est. 1924. Act before it is too late.
157 Edmond The Lewis Institute Detroit, Mich.

THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys

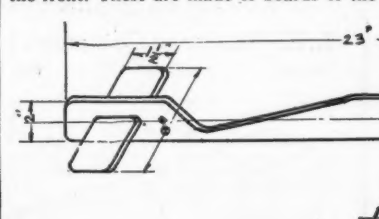


Y. C. Lab Project No. 43

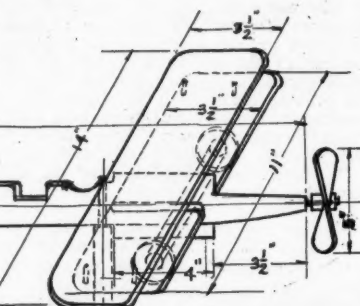
An Airplane Weathervane

THIS interesting experiment in woodworking can be made with a jackknife. When fastened to a nail in a pole in the ground in the back yard, or to a pole fastened to the roof of a henhouse or other outbuilding, it swings around in the wind, and its propeller revolves at a great rate of speed. It was built by Harry Gillis and Charles Traver, both Members of the Luzerne Y. C. Lab. The material for the body of the airplane is a 2" stick about 1" thick and 24" long. With a jackknife or saw cut into the stick about 4" from one end and shape as shown in the picture to give the appearance of a tailpiece. Then cut in the middle of this fan-shaped end a slot $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide and $1\frac{1}{2}$ " long, driving through this slot halfway a board 6" long, which is the tail wing. Now cut two recesses, as shown in the picture, about halfway toward the front. These are seating places for the operator and the mechanic. Two wings are placed near the front. These are made of boards of the

same thickness as the tail wing, but are about 14" long. The top wing is nailed on the top, while the lower wing is inserted through a slot—like the tail wing. With the front of the body tapered as shown, a propeller is fastened against the end with a nail. The propeller is whittled out of a stick 5" long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ " square. The pitch of each blade is a matter of the eye but should give no trouble to a born "whittler."



This airplane has wheels as do regular airplanes. A tiny piece of wood $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick will serve for the wheels, which are rounded out by hand with a knife. They are nailed



just rest upon the lower wing—like stanchions. In order that the airplane may revolve when outside on a pole, a hole must be bored or burnt through the body in a vertical plane at a point just behind the forward wings. A nail inserted through this and driven into the pole completes the job. When set up outside, the airplane will swing about in the wind and its propeller revolve interestingly.

CHARLES M. HORTON
Councilor, Y. C. Lab.

NOTE—Whenever you make a Y. C. Lab project, inform The Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington Street, calling his attention especially to any improvements of your own.

How to Make Real Bows and Arrows

By E. W. FRENTZ, Councilor, Y. C. Lab

Part III. Strings
Continued from May 27

NOT so easy a thing as it looks, friend, to make a cord no larger than the lead in a pencil, yet capable of withstanding a three-hundred-pound jerk! Flax is the only thing that will serve—flax in the shape of the best linen shoe-thread, No. 12.

To make a safe string for a fifty-pound bow takes about forty-five threads. We cut them eighteen inches longer than the bow and lay them in three strands of fifteen each. Then we cut as many "thickeners" as there are threads. They are pieces of the same kind of thread, one foot long, and are laid with and waxed into the strands near the ends, to thicken those parts of the string that are to fit the nocks in the bow horns.

When each strand and its thickeners at both ends have been well waxed—with pure bees' wax, made by bees—we lay the three strands together, grasp them at a point a foot from one end and begin to "lay up" the cord. Seizing the strand farthest from us, we twist it away from us and bring it toward us, over the other two. Then we do the same thing with the second strand, and after that

with the third, always twisting the strand from us and laying it toward us, over the other two. That makes a twisted, rope-like cord for the space of one foot of the end of the bowstring. Then we make a similar lay-up at the other end. When that is done we make one end fast to a hook or a nail, twist the whole string and rub it smooth and round with wax and a piece of



leather or folded paper. The last step is making an eye-splice in one end, for the upper horn, and serving or whipping a space of four or five inches where the fingers will come in shooting; and it is important to renew that whipping in the center as soon as it shows the slightest signs of wear. Otherwise the string itself will soon fray out.

To make a really neat string, both the main threads and the thickeners should not be cut, but broken, as a shoemaker would break them, by rolling them on his knee and "stranding" them.

And now we are ready for the notes of the silver horn that shall call us to Sherwood Forest!



"NO LOSS"
TO ANY INVESTOR
IN 53 YEARS

Invest at 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ % or 7%

with the safeguards that have resulted in this long record

BEFORE you accept a lower return than 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ % or 7% on your July funds, give serious consideration to these facts:

1. The F. H. Smith Company has completed more than 53 years of continuous service to first mortgage investors.
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Our current offerings of First Mortgage Bonds will pay you 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ % or 7%, and give you the protection of safeguards that have resulted in our record of no loss to any investor in 53 years. You may invest outright in denominations of \$100, \$500 or \$1,000, or you may buy \$500 or \$1,000 bonds by payments over 10 months. Regular monthly payments earn the full rate of bond interest.

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Boys Earn This Fine Air Rifle

COME on, boys, take a shot! How many times can you hit the bull's eye? It's not easy, but a little practice each day with a Companion Air Rifle will bring surprising results. It's great fun, and think how proud you'll be as your target score leaps up. Before you know it you will be the crack shot of the whole gang.

For Young Sharpshooters

The Companion Air Rifle is just the thing for the young sharpshooter. Millions of men now crack shots on the target range and the hunting field first learned to shoot with an air rifle. This training develops a steadiness and self-confidence invaluable in later life.

Given Free

Get busy now and earn this fine Rifle—steel barrel and carefully adjusted sights. Given free with five practice targets. See liberal offer below.



Trains
Hand
and Eye

How To Get It:

The Rifle given to any Companion subscriber for securing one new yearly subscription. (Subscription also counts in the Bicycle Contest, see back cover.) Or Air Rifle sold for \$1.00 postpaid.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

To secure this Membership Button, the first step is to use the coupon below



THE Y. C. LAB



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab

30th Weekly \$5 Award



No one of the Lab Membership has done better than Herbert Dffenbaugh (14) of La Harpe, Ill., in the type of small-scale operating models which the above photograph of a model truck and garage exemplifies. The 30th Weekly \$5.00 Award goes to him with the high commendation of the Director and Governors.

The towering hulk at the right of the photograph is the end of a steam radiator, and its appearance of mammoth size will give you an excellent idea of the size of the models—which are sufficiently realistic to be taken for full-scale apparatus, unless you look very closely at them. Says Member Dffenbaugh: "The wheels are the bumps from some old table legs. The axles are made from an umbrella rod. The hood and fenders are from the lid of an old dye box used in a drug store. The headlights are small tape boxes with the paint scraped off."

Member Dffenbaugh did not make this model complete as it stands from start to finish in one sitting. He added improvements as he worked them out and had time to apply them. Thus it was that by gradual change here and there he was able to convert a fairly crude model into the highly finished result that you see. The ability to improve an original design, even at trouble, pains and expense, once you are convinced that the improvement is needed, is a most valuable gift.

Questions and Answers

"I would like to have you explain how it works, what its principles are, and the best kind of cheap airplane motor and price. I am a reader of The Youth's Companion and saw your name referred to in that magazine. I am fifteen years old and a sophomore in high school."—Leslie Tichenor

Answer by Mr. Townsend: Your question will require an answer in two parts—first, about theory; and second, about types and prices.

The basic principle of the airplane engine is the same as that for all common types of gasoline engines. Gasoline is vaporized through a carburetor, and drawn into the cylinder on the suction stroke. Compression, explosion, or working, and exhaust strokes occur in the regular order, just as in an automobile engine. To obtain the large amounts of power required to propel the aircraft, larger sizes of cylinders and strokes are used, and the number of cylinders varies from 8 to 12.

The more common airplane engines are made in the V type, like the Cadillac and Lincoln automobile engines. Recent developments show that the "static radial" engine is becoming prominent. In this type of engine, the cylinders are arranged radially like the spokes of a wheel.

The prices of airplane engines such as the Packard, Liberty, Curtis, etc., will run as high as \$10,000 or \$12,000, with some available at \$5000 to \$7500. The prices are necessarily high, on account of the high-grade of workmanship and materials required, and the limited extent of the sales.

Secondhand aero engines may be obtained from \$200 and downward, depending upon the condition of the engines. This class of equipment is used frequently for high-speed boats, hydroplanes and ice sleds, but almost never for airplanes.

Membership Coupon

The first step for any boy to take towards membership in the Y. C. Lab is to fill out and mail the coupon below, which will bring full information and an application blank.

Here are the most up-to-date statistics on applications and memberships:

Total Applications	3494
Total Associate Members	834
Total Members	49
New Associate Members since last election	45
New Members since last week	11

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name
Address

Proceedings Of Y. C. Experimental Lab at Wollaston, Mass.

May 1:

A boat—like little Orphant Annie—came to our house today. We didn't think it was a boat when the express wagon drew up in front of the Lab; it looked like a long crate of sticks. We fetched it into the Lab, after knocking open the crate, and gazed at it rather helplessly. Nobody in our Lab (which is located on the rim of the Atlantic Ocean, strangely enough) had ever built a boat. We all swim (even the Councilor can float around like a pond lily), but don't go boating.

However, in the afternoon the editor of The Youth's Companion came out to lend us aid and comfort—and we needed it. Also Member Albert Bird spent the day with us, and he has built many boats, but mostly models. Well, after lunch we all pitched in and attacked this boat. Hammers flew, and so did we. The air was full of energy. In a few hours the boat was roughly put up, with a few nails to hold it for a later fitting. Took a few pictures. Thus began our first introduction to things nautical.

May 3:

We worked on our own today. The boat, designed and cut out by the Brooks Boat Company, was not so difficult to assemble as we supposed. We read the instructions and began at the beginning, contenting ourselves with doing one step at a time. Nailed the side planks with copper nails (which came in the crate all marked). The planks had to be cut at the ends, but even these were marked. Set in the stem and transom.

May 4:

Made the ribs, which had to be cut from long pieces of oak sent us. These were nailed with copper nails. It looks like a boat now.

May 5:

Put on the gunwales and fender wales. This took all the afternoon.

May 6:

Fitted the corner pieces to the transom on the boat.

May 7:

Fitted the breasthook to the boat. Began smoothing things for the finishing. Started fitting the risings for the seats.

Our interest has been stirred in boats. We now want to row and sail in this one.

May 8:

Finished the boat this morning. There was very little caulking to do; just the two long seams in the bottom. In the afternoon we put on the lead coat, all over. We hauled the boat outdoors in the sunshine; and that made the four painters a lot more comfortable. The oars we stained and varnished.

May 10:

The boat was dry, so we began the painting of it in color. We love color in this Lab; so we got black, red, green and gray—which is quite a lot for a small boat. The hull we did most green with the top plank black, the inside gray, and the fender wales and gunwales bright red.

May 11:

Put the second coat of paint on the Y. C. Lab boat. For the sake of quick drying we pulled the boat outside. A sudden squall struck us just as we finished, and there was a busy time for a few minutes getting it inside. Raindrops covered the new wet paint.

May 13:

The rain didn't damage our boat very much; it is hardly noticeable. At noon the expressman came for it. The boat is to be delivered for sailing, rowing and outboard motor tests at the Union Boat House on the Charles River, where it will get more water than it got the night before last. We shall make its acquaintance again a little later.

This afternoon we put in a sink. The Lab has been as waterless as the Sahara Desert, so we thought it was about time to put in some. I saw a derelict iron sink in the yard of the hardware dealer, and he said I could have it if I didn't mind a couple of holes in the bottom. I had much rather carry home a sink with a few holes in it than to have a brand-new one. There is no adventure in a new thing—but a lot of things can happen to an old one.

A lot did. Part of the bottom fell out when we tried to clean it. Great! Nothing could have been better. We made this hole bigger and cleaned it to the solid part. Then we took a piece of brass from Cinderella's radiator shell, made a plate, bored some holes and set this in, in white lead. Next we soldered a piece of brass pipe into this, cutting a hole to fit. Made a frame of wood with legs to hold the sink. Connected the waste pipe, fitted the water piping and faucets, and presto! in two hours we had a first-class non-leakable sink. What price plumbing!

HARRY IRVING SHUMWAY
Councilor, Y. C. Lab.



Here it is, lads, treat it rough

Hurl Flexyde up against a brick wall until your arm aches.

Bat it to the four corners of a muddy lot.

Leave it out in the rain all night. Then wash it as you wash your hands. It will look and act like new.

*That's the way it wears; here's the way it plays:
Flexyde is guaranteed to bat, throw and field
just like the best league ball you've ever seen.*

Made especially for hard-hitting Young America. Costs only \$1.25 and is worth a lot more. If you don't find Flexyde at your dealer's, send us his name, and \$1.25, and we'll see that you're supplied. Write The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, Calif.

FLEXYDE

BASEBALL

They Yelled "AW-NO FAIR!"

Sally and Dick each bought a pair of SPEED MITS. And then they got into a swimming race with the rest of the bunch. Of course they beat.

But when they came back to shore laughing, everybody else cried: "Aw-no fair—look at what you got on your hands!"

"Well!" they retorted "Why don't you get some?"

"Where d' y' buy 'em?" they all demanded.

SPEED MITS (patent applied for) are light, cleverly shaped aluminum hand-paddles, and will increase the speed of any swimming stroke—fit any hand. It's the simplest thing in the world and more fun! Startle your companions by being the first to wear them.

All you have to do is send your name and address to this company, enclosing one dollar. We'll mail a pair of SPEED MITS at once, and you'll have more fun in the water than you ever dreamed of.

THE KING SALES COMPANY
(Sports Dept.) Lincoln, Illinois.

**Banish Pimples
By Using
Cuticura
Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal**
Try our new Shaving Stick.

Factory to Rider
Saves \$10 to \$25 on the Ranger Bicycle you select from 44 styles, colors and sizes. Delivered free on approval—no money prepaid for 30 Days' Free Trial.
\$5 a Month. If desired, possession and use of cycle on our liberal monthly payment plan. Bicycles \$21.50 and up. Tires, lamps, wheels, equipment at half cost. Write for marvelous new prices, wonderful 30-day trial offer and terms.
Mead CYCLE COMPANY
DEPT. C-50 CHICAGO
Write us today for free catalog

From a Faraway Friend

34 Teido, Seoul, Korea

Dear Hazel Grey: I don't have anything that I want to ask you about especially except ask the gypsy to please read my handwriting. I mean my character by my handwriting. Daddy says its awful enough and that they surely ought to teach penmanship at the high school here.

I suppose I ought to tell you who I am, etcetera. Well my father is a medical missionary to Korea. And so we live here! I am sixteen and a junior in our Foreign School here. We have about eighty children in the whole school; about thirty-five in the junior and senior high schools. There are about twenty girls in our "gang." Mostly its pretty much like the schools in the States, tho' of course, not having so many in the school, the same girls have to do everything.

Each year we give a Shakespeare play. This year we give Much Ado About Nothing, and because there are not enough boys tall enough I am Claudio. Its the first time I've ever played a man's part and I'm rather dubious, but Father Hunt of the Anglican Mission (English High Church) says that I am getting along all right. He trains us every year, and each year our accent has to be changed anew.

I can't get in on any of your contests because I am so far away, but just the same I daresay that I have the monopoly on my hobby. It's Kipling—I just "dote" on his writing. Daddy says that there are lots of people who do not like his writing because they can't understand the Eastern viewpoint. He says that he couldn't understand Plain Tales from the Hills at all until he came out here; perhaps that's so, but I can scarcely see how anyone can escape the charm of the direct translations from the vernacular—I adore them! But perhaps that too is because they are similar to the direct translation of Korean.

It's Japanese Girls' Festival time now, and the shops are all filled with lovely little images and lacquer boxes. And for fourteen sen (seven cents) we can get a long paper scroll with the pictures of old-fashioned Japanese ladies and gentlemen watching a play, of sorts. Its rather interesting. This morning I went down town (our school is closed on account of scarlet fever) and ate some Japanese food called "o-su-ohi." It's cold rice with bits of fish and horse radish in it. Some of the fish is raw. That's not so good—some of it has seaweed wrapped around it. I've got to stop now and study my Cicero.

I think the Y. C. is much improved since it has your page on it. I hope you will find time to write to me.

Sincerely yours,

LUCY H. NORTON

P. S. My address is at the top of the sheet, but I want to say that "Teido" is not a street. It is a district. And all the houses have the same number.

L. N.

A Dainty Edge for Lingerie

First row: Fasten thread in hem of garment to be decorated. Chain 5, double crochet (dc) into hem.
*Chain 2, dc into hem, and so on from *, making a "ladder" around the edge of the garment.

Second row: Fasten thread in top of first "ladder" space. *Chain 6, fasten with slip-stitch (s) in fourth stitch from hook. Chain 4, fasten with s in same stitch. Chain 4, fasten with s in same stitch (making 3 picots). Then chain 3 and fasten with s in second "ladder" space from first fastening.

This completes the first notch. Repeat from * and continue around garment.

An edge like this has all sorts of possibilities—lingerie, linen, mats, towels, tea napkins, collar and cuff sets, bureau scarfs and window curtains are a few.

If you are wisely planning to spend some profitable hours for your hope or gift chest during summer vacation days, this may prove a welcome addition to your collection of ideas.



Fashions for the Young Girl

Another Handmade Dress



Hoyle Studio—Boston

Dear Hazel Grey: Here are the directions for making this dress. I am so glad you liked it well enough to want to show it to The Youth's Companion girls, and if any of them want to make it I hope they will have as much fun as I have had making mine.

First of all, I bought four yards of forty-inch-wide bottle-green bengaline. It was \$1.19 a yard. Then I cut it out with an underbody, using a false top to the underskirt. Then I cut a straight forty-inch front and put a few gathers under the arm to allow enough fullness for the waist. The back I cut in two pieces. It is a short waist with a flare tunic skirt, gathered on; this opens down the back with a narrow belt of the material across the waistline. I finished the sleeves with a bell cuff, round which I used a narrow band of gold coronation braid for trimming. I used more braid to go round the neck.

The cone-shaped pocket was my finishing touch. I trimmed it with a braided design and put it on the left front of my dress. There! I do hope it is all clear. But I think it is harder to explain things to an indefinite group than it is to answer individual questions. I'm afraid I'll explain too much to those who know a good deal about sewing and not enough to those who haven't been making clothes very long.

I suppose a great many of The Youth's Companion girls sew, and I think it might be fun to have a sewing bee or something, so that we could all be sewing together on the same thing. I mean the same kind of thing. Maybe we could have a race to see which one finished her dress first—or a contest for the best dress made. Don't you think it would be fun?

Yours, HÉLÈNE

Don't Read This Late at Night

"Unsolved Murder Mysteries," by Charles E. Pearce and published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company of New York (\$2.50), is a book to make your hair stand on end and your ears curl up, as the saying goes. The stories are real actual facts about real murders that occurred in England and America. Of course, the solutions are not given, because they have not been found. These are the cases where "murder will out" does not apply. If you want the book, you can order it from me (plus ten cents a volume for postage); and all I have to say is, Read it in broad daylight!

For Your Little Sister

"Susanna's Auction" is a book that all children will love, no matter how old they are. It is about a little girl named Susanna, who was headstrong and liked to have her own way in everything. Susanna was three,

and that is plenty old enough to know better, as we all agree, but Susanna was never willing to give anything up once she had made up her mind to do it. Perhaps you can imagine some of the dreadful things that would naturally happen to a person like that. But you will have to read it to know what the dreadful thing was that happened to Susanna.

You can get the book from the Macmillan Company, in New York City. It costs \$1.00. Oh, and I almost forgot to tell you about the lovely pictures of Susanna that it has. They were drawn long ago by Boutet de Monvel.

What do you think of Hélène's suggestion of having a contest or race on something about the clothes we make, and how fast and how well we make them? So many of you are making dresses and blouses and things like that for yourselves that it might be a good idea to match your skill and ability against one another. Write me what you think about it.

Hazel Grey.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington Street, Boston

Why Not Sample Books?



YOU might happen to be passing through the kitchen on baking day. Would you stop and sample the batch of fresh cookies on the table? Of course you would! And if you were passing through the cellar, would you not stop at the apple barrel and take a rosy Jonathan or a juicy Spy? Or if your way lay through the garden, surely you would take toll of the nasturtiums or the poppies, or even of the roses themselves. But if you were passing through the library, would you stop to sample the wares upon the shelves? Oh, well, you say, that's different!

Yes, it is different. The cookies and apples are eaten and forgotten; the flowers wilt and must be thrown out. But when you have sampled a book, you have tasted words of wisdom or wit or beauty or delight that have endured for years and will endure for years to come. Who can remember any particular cookie or apple or rose of last summer? Who can ever forget Robinson Crusoe or Peter Pan or Hector of Troy?

Now, one cannot stop and sit hours together in the library because there are lessons and chores to do and a thousand and one things to occupy the time. But there is such a thing as taking a taste of a book in passing through the library that, if indulged in, becomes in time a habit. It is easy and pleasant, and no grown-up ogre is going to ask questions about how you liked the taste of this or that book and what it was all about. Come along, then. Let us pass through the library and see whether anything interesting turns up when we pull a book from the shelves and open it haphazard. In a well-used library books have a habit of falling open at interesting pages.

Let us say that it is Shakespeare that you have pulled down, and let us suppose that the volume opens at the play of "Julius Caesar." Your eye falls upon a line. Brutus is speaking. He says, "If I do live, I will be good to thee." That sounds like a very gentle speech for one who has recently stabbed Caesar. It is said to his young body-servant, Lucius, who has fallen asleep from weariness. Reading a few lines before and a few after, you have a charming scene in the tent of a general upon a battlefield.

Now let us suppose that the next time you go through the library your hand falls upon "Through the Looking-Glass," and that the book opens at that picture of Alice and the Red Queen running so swiftly that you see the atmosphere rushing by them. And yet, reading the text, you find that at the end of the breathless race they are still in the identical spot where they had started to run. Says the Red Queen to Alice, "It takes all the running you can do to stay in the same place." In our speech of today this means that you cannot sit down on your job and expect to be promoted. All the running you can do is what you must do in the eighth grade or in the high school. It is what President Coolidge must do at Washington.

A Game Worth Playing

Even if you should pull from the shelf only the dictionary, you may come upon fascinating words. "Shiftless?" Why, a shiftless man is one who has no change of shifts, or shirts, and who cannot, therefore, shift into a clean shirt. He hasn't provided for the future even to that extent. "Wisdom?" That is what the Latins called *sapientia*, which really meant the power of tasting, and a man who was wise was one who had discriminating taste, and hence good taste, which you will agree is a very high kind of wisdom.

Of course we cannot hope to find a message of beauty or wit or courage or of pure fun and laughter every time we open a book for a taste in passing, but it happens enough times to make the game well worth playing. As we grow experienced in playing we know to which shelf to go to get the "best fun" to suit the particular mood of the moment. It need not be a game of solitaire, as two heads are often better than one in the library, too. It is a game that no one has a patent on, dating back to the early Middle Ages, when people used to open Vergil reverently to find a message. It has all the mystery of an algebra problem in which x is the delight you get from the sentence you read.

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for
**cuts
and bruises**

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Every family should have one or more pets. In establishing this column, it is our desire to assist our subscribers in the selection of these pets by publishing the advertisements of reliable persons, who have them for sale.

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The most beautiful dogs in the world. Intelligent, fearless, faithful. They guard your home, watch your herds, play with your kiddies. Write for special list. Satisfaction guaranteed.
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5c in stamps brings you 20-page illustrated catalogue of these beautiful, intelligent dogs. The natural child's pet and trick dog. Brockway Kennels, Baldwin, Kans.

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ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOKSHOP
8 Arlington Street, Boston



VEGETARIANS

By Russell Gordon Carter



We're on our way to market
To buy some things for stew—
Potatoes, carrots, onions,
And beans and turnips too,
And rice and corn and barley,
Two squashes and a beet.
We're all so fond of veg'tables
We've lost our taste for meat.



THE PILLOW OF DREAMS

By May Justus

ONE day a good mother went to the Sandman's shop at the end of the lane and said: "Please, Mr. Sandman, I want to buy a pillow of dreams."

"What do you want with a pillow of dreams, good mother?" asked the Sandman. "I want it to put under my little girl's head when she goes to sleep."

"Come into my shop then," invited the Sandman, "and I will let you see all the pillows I have."

Here he showed the mother many different kinds of dream pillows. There were big ones and middle-sized ones and quite wee ones.

"These pillows are all very nice," she said. "But there isn't any that is just right for my little girl's head."

"Then you must have one made for your little girl," said the Sandman.

"How can I do that?" the mother asked. "Oh, that is easy, good mother," replied the Sandman. "It all depends on what you want to put into the pillow. Of course the little girl will dream of the things that are inside it. What should you like?"

"I think I should like to put a great many rose petals into it," replied the mother. "Roses are so fragrant."

"Then go to a rose-bush, good mother," said the Sandman, "and ask it for some of its sweet blossoms."

"I will," said the mother and she went out to find a rose-bush. After a long time she came to a beautiful pink one by the side of the lane.

"Good-morning, pretty rose-bush," she said. "Will you give me some of your blossoms for a dream pillow?"

"Whose dream pillow?" the rose-bush asked. "My little girl's," the mother replied in her sweet voice.

"Oh yes, of course," said the rose-bush. "Hold your apron, good mother, and I will shake it full of rose petals."

The mother held her apron and the rose-bush shook itself once, twice, three times, and then the apron was almost full of beautiful pink petals.

The mother hurried back to the Sandman's shop for now it was early afternoon. "See!" she said. And she showed him her apron full of rose petals.

"How nice!" the Sandman cried. "Come in and let us put them into a pillow."

After hunting around a little while he found a pillow-case which the mother

thought was just about the right size and they poured the petals into it. But the pillow-case was not nearly full.

"What shall we do?" the mother asked.

"Put something else into it," suggested the Sandman. "What else should you like?"

"I should like for it to be fluffy and downy like a little white cloud," said the mother.

"If you will climb to the top of the hill," said the Sandman, "you may find a little white cloud."

So the mother went out of the Sandman's shop and climbed the hill behind it. Right on top she found a little white cloud.

"Good-morning, little white cloud," said the mother. "Will you give me a handful of yourself to make a dream pillow?"

"Whose dream pillow?" asked the little white cloud.

"My little girl's," the mother answered.

"Oh, yes, certainly," the cloud murmured.

"Hold your hands, good mother, and I will let a piece of soft cloud fall down to you."

So the mother held her hands and a piece of cloud, soft and white, fell into them.

"Thank you, dear little white cloud," she said and she ran down the hill to the Sandman's shop.

"Look!" she cried.

"Fine!" said the Sandman. And they put the piece of soft, white cloud into the pillow.

Now it looked very nice and comfortable, indeed.

"It is a fine pillow," said the Sandman. "A very fine pillow, but it lacks a charm to make the good dreams in it come true."

"Where can I get a charm?" she asked.

"You have it already," the Sandman told her. "It is your heart. It is love."

Just before your little girl goes to bed at night, kiss her pillow and say this little wishing rhyme:

"Happy dreams, pretty dreams, come out tonight"

Make all the slumber hours lovely and bright."

Then your little girl will have only good dreams, you see."

"Oh, that will be a beautiful charm," said the mother.

Then the good mother took the pillow of dreams and went home.

And that night the little girl dreamed of sweet pink roses, white fluffy clouds and warm mother kisses.



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Use the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification for your baby. It has raised thousands of healthy, robust babies and will bring health and happiness to your little one.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



Iver Johnson
Motobike

Why Not Win One Of These BICYCLES?

Read Every Word Of This Wonderful Offer

Dear Boys and Girls —

Eight lucky boys and eight as equally fortunate girls from as many Companion homes will count this month of June as the most important of the entire year. For have not the Publishers of The Youth's Companion promised to present each of those sixteen boys and girls, who prove themselves most worthy, with a choice of the finest wheels made in America? Why not be one of the lucky sixteen yourself? The conditions are so simple and easy that any boy or girl may readily win. Read every word of this wonderful offer. Then, before another day passes, mail the coupon telling me you are going out to win.

Your friend,

Mason Willis

The Youth's Companion
8 Arlington Street, Boston

You May Take Your Pick Of The Finest

¶ The boy and girl in each of the eight sections (see map) who send the largest number of new subscriptions for The Youth's Companion between June 3 and July 1 will not only receive a Premium for each new subscription, but in addition they will each be given their choice of the finest Bicycles made in this country.

¶ For example, the boy living in Section 1 who sends us the most subscriptions obtained by any boy in that section will win a Bicycle. Another Bicycle will also be given to the girl who sends the most subscriptions obtained by any girl in Section 1; and so on through each of the eight sections.

¶ As the winner in your section you may take your pick of any wheel in the popular Iver Johnson, Ranger or Columbia makes. You may choose either the Motobike with tank, horn, light and stand. Or, if you prefer a lighter wheel, stripped for action, you may have the Roadster style. Take any color, any equipment shown in the catalogues of these famous wheels—and The Youth's Companion will pay the bill.

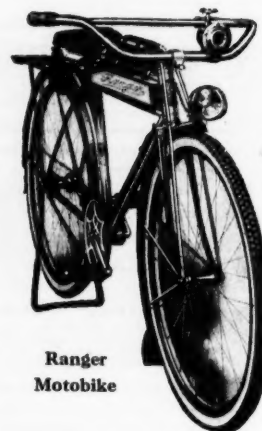


¶ The Bicycle Contest is open to Companion subscribers, boys and girls only—no one over 18 years of age may compete. But

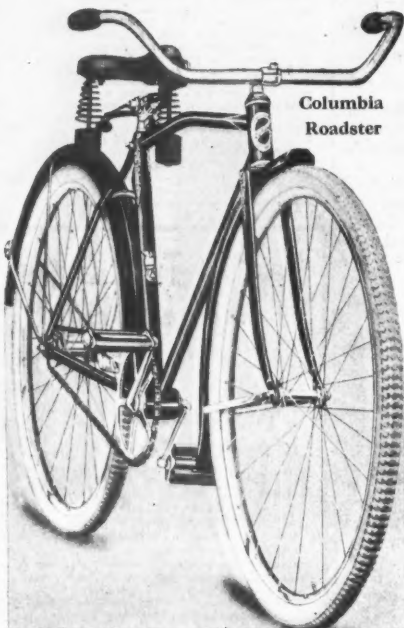
you may get your parents and older friends to help you in every possible way. Remember also that you compete only with other boys and girls in your own district, so that increases your chance of winning.

¶ Only NEW yearly subscriptions will count. By "new" we mean a subscription that places The Youth's Companion in a home where it has not been taken the past year. Collect \$2.00 for a subscription to any point in the United States or Canada and send the money to us with name and full address of the new subscriber. Send subscriptions in as you get them and we will keep count of your total in the contest.

¶ In securing new subscriptions you may take orders anywhere, you are not restricted to your own section. Everything you mail at your post office on or after June 3 and up to the close of mails on July 1 will count in the contest.



Ranger
Motobike



Columbia
Roadster

—And You Get Premiums Too

This is an unusual contest in still another way. Bicycles are only a part of your reward. For each new subscription you send, you will receive your choice of any of the fine Premiums offered in the March 4 Youth's Companion (if you have mislaid your copy I will send you another). So you see you can't lose in this contest, but will be generously rewarded for everything you do.

Remember then that the bicycles are "extra" prizes. For each individual subscription you may take your choice of reward from the following Premiums: Banjo-Uke, Eastman Camera, Wrist Watches, Biff Bag, Scout Knife, Infelder's Glove, Companion Air Rifle, Big Giant Steam Engine, Hunting Knife, Most-Talked-of Books, Omar Pearls, Silk Stockings, Festoon Necklaces; and many others.

IF MONEY IS PREFERRED instead of a Premium we will pay you a Cash Premium of **FIFTY CENTS** for each new yearly subscription you send us. Collect \$2.00, keep 50 cents and send us \$1.50.

How To Win Your Wheel

There's nothing at all difficult about it. Surely what any other boy or girl can do, you can do. First of all mail me the coupon to let me know you are starting out for the bicycle. I will write you a letter and send you some sample copies and order blanks. But don't wait for these to come. Take several of your Youth's Companions and start right out after orders. Tell each person what you're trying to do and I am sure they will be glad to help. Above all, just remember that persistence — stick-to-it-iveness — keeping right on regardless of obstacles — these are the qualities that make winners in this contest and in everything you try to do through life. Let's go — today — now!

Address all subscription orders to **Bicycle Contest**
The Youth's Companion
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

MASON WILLIS
The Youth's Companion
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Mass.

Your Offer looks good to me and I'm going out to win a

.....bicycle.
Send me some sample copies and order blanks and all the helps you can.

Yours for a Bicycle,

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